

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 172.—VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

[PRICE 4d.
Unstamped.]

REVIEW OF POLITICS.

Lord Derby on Education.
The Man for Galway.
Journalism of the P. R.
The Puff System.
Lord Lyndhurst's Last Orations.

Lawsuits in Scotland.

M. de Lamartine.
An Irish Landlord's Hospitality.
The Manchester Church Congress.

CORRESPONDENCE:—

Abuses in the Church of England.
The Debate on Clerical Subscription.

REVIEWS:—

The Cambridge Shakespeare.
Our Old Home.
Faust in Italian.
The King's Mail.
Breakfast in Bed.
No Better than we Should Be.
Renan's Life of Jesus (Conclusion).

FINN ARTS:—

The New Training-Schools of Art.
Music.
The London Theatres.

SCIENCE:—

The Sanitary State of our Watering-Places.—Eastbourne.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE battle of Chicamauga appears, like most of those which have taken place during the civil war in America, to have been followed by no immediately decisive results. Defeated, but not routed, Rosecranz, in the strong position of Chattanooga, has presented so formidable a front that Bragg has not ventured upon any attack. It is true that the accounts which have reached us represent some portion of the Confederate army as manœuvring far in the rear of the Federals, with a view of cutting off their communications with Nashville; but, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that the utmost activity has been displayed by the authorities of Washington in reinforcing the defeated general. Even if Burnside has hitherto failed to join him he has probably received accessions of strength from other quarters, including two divisions of Meade's army led by Hooker. After the exertions which they made previous to the late battle, it is scarcely probable that the Confederates will be able materially to strengthen Bragg, and although the demoralization of his army consequent upon recent defeat will, in all likelihood, prevent Rosecranz from resuming the offensive, he may fairly be expected to maintain his ground. If he do this, he will still exclude his opponents from the use of an important line of communication, and deprive their brilliant victory of any important results. On the other hand, it is by no means impossible that Meade's army may have been so far weakened by the loss of the detachments sent into Tennessee as to afford Lee an opportunity of resuming active operations. This is, however, for the present only matter of speculation, since the military secrets of the Confederates are too well kept to allow any reliable information on the subject to leak out. There is a complete dearth of political news from America, for we can hardly attribute serious importance to the boisterous demonstrations of Russo-mania, in which some of the citizens of New York have been indulging. At the same time, it is not at all surprising that those who are fond of boasting their intention to make a Poland of the Southern States, should regard with admiration a Sovereign who is already practising what they can as yet only preach. It may perhaps be premature to assert that the people of the United States have, as yet, generally imbibed a love of despots and despotism. But under the education which they are receiving from their rulers and leaders, there is every prospect of their attaining that state of mental perversity which led the New Yorkers to receive, with enthusiastic cheers, the declaration of the Russian admiral, that the Czar was "the Delight of Mankind."

If we are to believe the French semi-official journals, diplomacy is by no means content to rest calmly under the

rebuff which its well-meant intervention on behalf of Poland has received from Russia. According to them, Austria, England, and France are at present deliberating upon the propriety of retiring from the field of expostulation and argument under cover of a sort of diplomatic *coup de théâtre*. If they cannot induce the Czar to treat his Polish subjects with humanity and justice, they can at least solemnly declare that the title-deeds under which he holds them in subjection are henceforth so much waste paper. Nor is it difficult to believe that the process of what is figuratively termed tearing up the Treaty of Vienna, would be both agreeable and profitable to the Emperor Napoleon. He cannot be expected to forget the circumstances which led to the signature of that celebrated document or the spirit of hostility to his dynasty in which it was conceived. Most Frenchmen regard it as a symbol of the humiliation of France, and would be disposed to see in its abrogation a proof that their country had at last broken the bonds in which it was sought to confine her. No doubt the edge of many vehement Opposition harangues in the forthcoming session of the Legislative Chamber would be blunted if the Emperor's talking ministers could show that, although Poland had not been liberated, the self-love and pride of France had been gratified. But Austria and England have no similar reason for making a declaration which the Czar would receive with profound indifference, while it would effectually deprive them of the ground on which they based their recent diplomatic intervention. The only practical effect of such a step would be to release the Czar and his ministers from any slight restraint which a respect for European opinion may now impose upon them. Russia may be averse to put forward unnecessarily a mere naked right of conquest as her title-deeds to Poland, but no one can suppose that she would shrink from maintaining her dominion on that ground. It seems certain that the project has not found much favour at Vienna; and even if the exigencies of French politics require that the last note of Prince Gortschakoff should be answered, it is probable that some less questionable and less dramatic mode of terminating the correspondence will be found than the one we have been discussing. In the meantime the accounts from the seat of war are less favourable than ever to the insurgents. The insurrection appears to be gradually, but surely, dying of exhaustion.

It is satisfactory to know that her Majesty's Government have lost no time in informing the German Diet of the view taken by England of the threatened Federal execution in Holstein. Allowing for the requisite softness of diplomatic phraseology, there is nothing to complain of in the tone of Earl Russell's despatch which has been published during the past week. If it does not directly say, it

certainly implies, that in case of need we should not hesitate to support Denmark by force of arms. We can, indeed, take no other course consistently with either our obligations or our interests, and that being so it is both fair and wise to give the German powers early and emphatic notice of one of the rocks against which they are about to steer the lumbering and ill-compacted vessel of their Confederation. If we are not misinformed an incident has already occurred which ought to warn them of the probable consequences of such a course. It is said that the two selected champions of German unity are already at issue on the score of precedence, and that the Federal execution must at all events be postponed until it is settled whether Saxony or Hanover is to command the corps which they are to furnish. There is certainly nothing improbable in this; still less is there anything inconsistent with the character of the German princes who have never hesitated to sacrifice the common cause of their nation or race to their own personal pretensions. But if the statement be true, how absurd it is for a people under such leaders to incur the risk—almost the certainty—of finding themselves at war with the greater part of Europe! It is possible, indeed, that the absence of any demonstration on the part of France has led them to believe that no danger need be apprehended from that quarter. But they ought to reflect that, if it is the interest or the wish of the Emperor Napoleon to see them embroiled with the Scandinavian Powers and England, he is not likely to forget that the best way of attaining his object is to conceal his designs. They may be sure that he will not remain an inactive spectator of such a war; and an infallible indication of the side he will take is furnished by the consideration that he can gain nothing by attacking Denmark.

The return of the Queen to public life has been witnessed by all classes of her subjects with loyal gratification. We hail her presence at the inauguration of her husband's statue at Aberdeen as an indication that she intends to resume the full discharge of her regal duties; and while we rejoice at the prospect of once more having our beloved Sovereign amongst us, we are also glad to receive a proof that she has the strength and firmness to seek in active life the best means of lightening if not of removing the gloom which has been cast upon her life. No occasion could have been more happy than that which she selected for her first appearance in public; nor could anything be more touching and graceful than her reply to the address of the inhabitants of Aberdeen. Although it is not wanting in the dignity which becomes a queen, it is thoroughly womanly in its earnest and unreserved avowal of deep love for the departed and grateful thankfulness for the honour in which his memory is held. There is little or nothing of the stiffness of a Royal style about it. Her Majesty speaks her heart simply and directly to her people, and with a well-founded confidence in meeting an affectionate response. There has, indeed, never been a moment's misunderstanding or alienation between them during her happy and glorious reign; but they are now still more closely united over the grave by which they have stood together as mourners.

The Opposition journals are naturally much elated at the result of the Coventry and Tamworth elections. Nor do we deny their right to reckon the first as a substantial victory. Mr. Treherne is, indeed, hardly the man of whom a great party ought to be proud, but he will vote as Mr. Disraeli orders, and that is all that is expected from him; it is more than every Conservative member will do. If we were to accept him as the deliberate choice of Coventry, we should be driven to conclude that a political reaction had indeed set in in that borough, for his political creed is no mild and neutral tint of Conservatism, but the real old "true blue" of Eldon and Sibthorp. The truth is that his election represents little or nothing but the resentment of the electors at the Treaty of Commerce with France, which they ignorantly suppose to have caused the falling off in the demand for ribbons. At the same time, although it may be easy to account for each Ministerial defeat, taken separately, in a manner which may deprive them of much importance, it is impossible to overlook the fact that the necessity of accounting for defeats seems at present to be imposed only on one side. It is, to say the least, extraordinary that the special circumstances should always be on the side of the Conservatives. The Ministerial majority sitting on the Liberal benches is by this time merely nominal, if indeed it exists at all. And although Lord Palmerston has hitherto found some of his best friends on the other side

of the House, it is by no means certain that they will be either willing or able to help him if Mr. Disraeli is once in possession of an actual majority. But even if the present Premier be permitted to remain undisturbed during the remainder of the Parliament, there can be no doubt the power is gradually slipping away from the Liberal party. We do not, indeed, regard the result of the Tamworth election as a proof of this or of anything but the irreclaimable rowdyism of Sir R. Peel. There was little or no difference between the two candidates, but the hon. baronet's unpopularity in the borough, joined to his violence and indiscretion, were quite sufficient to secure the defeat of whichever he might happen to support. Unfortunately for himself that happened to be Mr. Cowper. The Government cannot, however, attribute it to mere ill-luck that his patron is Chief Secretary for Ireland; nor can they wholly escape the consequences of the indiscretion which converted a local feud into a question of confidence in the Premier.

LORD DERBY ON EDUCATION.

IN these days to know where to obtain a sound education at a moderate sum is not less important for a family man of moderate fortune than it is to know where to obtain a safe investment with a good return. Few people can leave their children enough to enable them to live without personal exertion; and even those who succeed to large possessions, or obtain them by judicious marriage, cannot hope to acquire influence or fame unless they are men of cultivation. Much has undoubtedly been done of late years for the improvement of our universities and for the improvement of schools for the labouring classes. For some time a committee of able men has been engaged in investigating the condition of our great public schools, such as Eton, Rugby, and Winchester, and it is understood that the result of their investigation may be expected within a very short time. But these investigations have been confined either to the lowest or to the higher classes of society. It is true that the Report of the Education Commissioners contained some pertinent remarks as to the state of middle-class education, and made a strong case in favour of rendering the numerous Grammar Schools throughout the country more useful. The result of the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations has been not only to disclose the defects of middle-class schools, but to produce a sensible improvement in them. But, notwithstanding this, what is generally termed middle-class education still demands attention, and therefore we are gratified to find that the Social Science Congress, at Edinburgh, has determined to petition the Crown "to issue a commission to inquire into the present state of the education of the middle classes of the British Islands, and to consider and report what measures, if any, are required for the extension of sound education to those classes." It is, perhaps, fortunate that at the same moment Lord Derby should have appeared, after an absence of twenty-three years, on the Founders' day at the Collegiate Institution of Liverpool. That Institution was established for supplying a sound education to the middle-classes in that great commercial town, and its success proves not only that it must be founded on sound principles, but that those who manage its affairs understand these principles, and are able to put them in practice.

The first difficulty which presented itself to Lord Derby's mind seems to have been how to define "the middle classes." There is not in this country as in many others that broad, clear, and sharp line of distinction between different ranks and different conditions which it is impossible to pass over, and which keeps up a permanent barrier between the different classes of society. In this country, as Lord Derby said, there is no such line. The descendant of the second generation of the highest peer of the realm has no distinguishing mark to separate him from the community at large. On the other hand the ranks of the peerage, of the highest classes, are daily recruited from the middle and lower classes of the community. "I have often," said Lord Derby, "heard the late Sir Robert Peel make it a subject of boast that he belonged to and was sprung from the middle classes of society, and we all know that by his own energy and industry the father of Sir Robert Peel raised himself from a position certainly not entitling him to be placed above the middle classes." The noble earl then reminded his audience that twenty years before, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer made it his boast that he too was sprung

from the middle class of society, and that he had pointed with pride to the honourable example and honourable position which had been attained by his respected father, who was well-known in Liverpool as a merchant, and respected by all who knew him. From the middle classes, he added, have sprung such lawyers as Eldon, and Stowell, and Lyndhurst, and St. Leonard's. From the middle—he might have said the lower—classes have sprung such soldiers as Clyde. Indeed, the very difficulty of defining what constitutes the middle classes furnishes a cogent argument for providing the best education for every member of the community. And now that the entrance to the various professions and to the public service is taken out of the hands of patrons and placed within the reach of the boy who shows most ability and diligence, there is an additional reason for supplying parents with the means of having their sons well educated, so that they may grasp the prizes which are now offered to public competition. But if the boys of Liverpool are to receive their education at home, the question is, upon what principles educational institutions ought to be founded.

It is obvious in the first place that a single school cannot be sufficient to meet the wants of all the middle classes in any great town. That class contains infinite gradations. The prospects of life—the abilities and circumstances of the boys and their parents are so various, that various schools are necessary. Some are intended to proceed to the universities—some to the army—some to the navy—some to the counting-house—and some to the counter. The time that each can devote to education must be as various as the amount of money which can be spared for the purpose. The difficulty has been to provide within a single institution the means of supplying the different styles of education required. The Liverpool people have solved this problem by establishing three different schools within the same precinct. But, if we understand the system aright, these three schools are not connected together, so that a boy passes from one to the other. It is true that each school supplies a different sort of education—or rather each supplies a more extensive course than the other; but, on the other hand, each has a different scale of expense. A boy may be entered in any one of them, and obtain all the elements of education there.

It is probable that the success of the Collegiate Institution is in great measure due to this peculiarity. What may be called the "aristocratic" instinct, is so deeply implanted in Englishmen that it must be humoured. The wealthy banker or the retired officer does not like his son to associate with the son of his baker or his shoemaker. It is true that at the great public schools the only test of admission is whether a parent is ready to pay the half-yearly bills. But when a boy lives at home it is difficult to prevail upon what are called gentlemen to allow their sons to be in the same class with tradesmen. In former times in Scotland, the daily schools and the universities were recruited from every rank of society. The son of an officer or of a physician might find himself in close contact with his father's tailor or grocer. In Boston, New York, and throughout the United States, the same used to be the practice. But of late years this system has been changed, and a more exclusive system of private schools has been adopted. The difficulty of humouring this prejudice has been one of the chief difficulties in the way of establishing local schools. In Liverpool, it seems that the attempt has succeeded. But in Bath and other places it is well known that establishments similar to those of the Collegiate Institution have failed because the gentlemen, as they are called, will not send their sons to the same schools as those at which the tradesmen's sons attend, and, without the latter, the school must be more or less empty. At Liverpool, it seems that the only difference between each of the three schools is, that the expense is different, and the style of education is different. So far, therefore, as the possession of money forms the gentleman, the Liverpool system has succeeded in separating the social sheep from the social goats. But the managers seek neither to inquire into the genealogy nor into the social position of the parents. They have too much sense, probably, to engage in any such investigation. The result is, that the people of Liverpool have established an excellent local school for the sons of the merchants and tradesmen of the town, and its success has proved that by pursuing the same system, other towns may supply themselves with similar schools, whilst the citizens may receive a handsome return for the money invested in such institutions.

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

THE Celtic race are this week experiencing a pure and patriotic joy at having at last got an Irish Secretary who is worthy of old Ireland. They have no longer to blush at being governed by a set of mean-spirited spalpeens, who do not know one end of a shillelagh from another, and who are afraid of trailing their coat in a gentlemanly manner through a fair for fear any one should tread on it. Sir Robert Peel this week at Tamworth has succeeded in relieving Ireland from this sad disgrace. There is not—Irishmen will all feel—a boy in Donnybrook who could have disported himself so bravely before the eyes of the "gintry" in a town fight as Sir Robert has done before the sight of all the Tamworth electors. Sir Robert may not be the man for Tamworth, but there is no doubt he is the man for Galway. Barring the little accident of birth and blood—for which no one is to blame but his mother, in not having married a decent Irish gentleman—Sir Robert reminds Ireland this week of her ancient kings. No one can wish him more fire to the tip of his tongue or more power to his elbow. If the principle hold good that he who drives "fat oxen should himself be fat," an Irish Secretary ought to be something of the kind. He should be capable of flooring anything, from a black bottle to a Protestant gauger. He should never allow any one to stand within a foot and a half of the extremity of his shadow. Lastly, his tongue should be as quick as his arm. The Irishman from Cork who applied for a place in the Post-office gave it as his chief recommendation that he possessed "wonderful powers of denunciation, combined with the wildest humour." These seem to be the very qualifications most wanted for the Home Office in Ireland. Sir Robert has both; and this is why the Irish are so proud of him, and why he created so startling a sensation among the humble inhabitants of Tamworth. Only one thing seems to be regretted—that he is incapable of being in two places at once. This is the sole characteristic in which he is inferior to the god of war himself. Otherwise the insult offered the other day by the Earl of Leitrim to her Majesty's representative, the Lord-Lieutenant, would not have been passed over so quietly. If Sir Robert had been within a hundred yards of the Earl at the time all would have been settled pleasantly, without any necessity for superseding anybody in the commission of the peace. As soon as Lord Leitrim had given his orders to the innkeeper, Sir Robert would have lifted his arm, and Lord Leitrim would have fallen. Then Sir Robert would have bonneted him, then he would have scragged him, and, finally, he would have had him ducked. It is evident that Sir Robert and the great "Corkagian" race manage these matters much better than we English people and Lord Carlisle.

The crimes committed by the Tamworth malcontents, on whom fall at one and the same moment Sir Robert's wrath and Sir Robert's arm, seem to have been mainly political. It was in the name of Lord Palmerston's Government and of the Liberal party that Sir Robert did whatever he did upon that memorable polling day. He could not abide—and this is what all Irishmen of character and genius will sympathize with most keenly—he could not abide that his candidate should lose the election. It is exactly this same noble reluctance to be beaten which has been the cause of more Irish crowns being cracked across the Channel than it is possible to compute. No man of spirit among the Blues can allow the Buffs to have it their own way in Cork; nor does there breathe a Buff with soul so dead as not to be desirous of breaking a Blue's head. This is what has gained Father O'Connor such immortal credit and renown, that come what would he never would allow any one to vote for the Protestant candidate so long as he had a whip and was left alive to stand over him. Time would fail were we to endeavour to enumerate all the other Celtic worthies who have fought like men in the same sort of noble cause. It is well known that every member of the finest peasantry in the world fights at election times. The only difference is that they fight on different sides. What distinguishes the Protestant elector from the Catholic is that the Catholic throws stones at the parson, and the Protestant throws stones at the priest. This is all they know about it, and it is impossible not to allow that the distinction is an important one. Sir Robert Peel is a Liberal, and he has given the most convincing proofs of his absolute devotion to the cause of civil and religious freedom by bonneting a Tory elector.

If it were not for this practical and prominent proof of his Liberalism, we should almost be inclined to doubt whether Sir Robert has been, in this last Tamworth escapade, of great service to his party. Had it not been for his interference, the Conservative candidate, if not defeated, would probably have been less triumphantly successful; and we shall be too happy if Sir Robert's physical and electioneering exploits only end in losing the Liberals one seat. There are some people who never can

patronize a cause without damning it; and a country gentleman who cannot command, with absolute certainty, the borough of his neighbouring town, for very prudence sake cannot afford to pretend to ride roughshod over the voters. A single vote is not, perhaps, of such imminent consequence during the next session as it might have been at an earlier period in the history of the present Parliament. Still it is something worth gaining; or rather something too good to be wantonly flung away. Sir Robert cannot eat his cake, and have it too. On the other hand, he has no doubt had the pleasure of a roystering, rollicking day. He has enjoyed the pure delight of a personal encounter, and has been cheered vociferously by nearly one half of a riotous mob. On the other hand, two-thirds of the breakfast tables in England are criticising his achievements with a severity that would perhaps surprise him; and he may reflect, if he chooses, upon the unwelcome truth that little credit has been done to the name of Liberalism at Tamworth. Moreover, in the name of Liberalism itself, and as Liberals, we protest against that sort of interference with the quiet right of election, of which Sir Robert Peel—unfortunately for himself and for the principles which he professes—has given so flagrant and so notorious an example. Purity of election is one of the ideas which belong to the Liberal creed, and ought to belong to the Liberal practice. We do not say for a moment that Sir Robert's hands are not pure from every sort of improper stain, except perhaps the blood of some unlucky elector's nose. But the kind of scene in which Sir Robert has been mixing as a principal performer is not most congenial to the feelings of electoral purists. Bonneting individual voters, though not so corrupt a way of influencing the election as bribery, is probably both improper and illegal. Most of all is it indecorous in a Minister whose department brings him into contact of necessity with election rows on a larger scale, and of a less harmless character. The next time Sir Robert has to direct the prosecution of an Irish priest for bullying Irish voters, what answer will he be able to make, should the Tamworth election be thrown—as it surely will be thrown—in his teeth? It is doubtful whether he will, in such an event, have the best of the argument. Considerations of personal dignity affect different men in different degrees. Sir Robert Peel by this time, perhaps, is dead to them; but at least he should be alive to the duties and responsibilities of his official position; and those whose natural tastes and talents are for street rows should restrain their inclinations, so long, at all events, as they are Ministers of the Crown.

Sir Robert Peel, by one unlucky gesture, has provoked a comparison between the great Sir Robert and himself. In the middle of the uproar, and when the turmoil was at its highest, he was seen to point his stick towards a statue of his father that stood in the centre of the scene. Apparently by this dumb show he sought to charge the Tamworth electors with having forgotten the great Peel. It would have been at least as appropriate had he fixed his own attention more closely upon the question whether the great Peel's son best imitated his father by dabbling in electioneering squabbles. It is not the highest object of a wise man's ambition to be the "Pickle" of a Ministry. It is perhaps, on the whole, even a higher thing to sit on the Ministerial Benches as the Ministerial "Prig." It is too often the lot of great men to leave behind them only inadequate representatives of their virtue and their sense. The contrast which Sir Robert has himself challenged is an awkward one. As often as we begin to believe that the Irish Secretary has in him the making of an administrator or a politician, so often we have to regret some stupid personal quarrel, or some vulgar escapade. Sir Robert Peel's name and talents buoy him up—his inexcusable foibles drag him down. At times we are tempted to declare that in this instance, as in others, the dead are more worthy than their heirs, and that it is only rank grass that grows round great graves. Even the most sanguine of Sir Robert's friends have given up maintaining that

"He has a solid base of temperament."

They are reduced at present to hoping against hope, and trying to persuade the world to hope that:

"These flashes on the surface are not he."

JOURNALISM OF THE P.R.

THERE is a fine opening just now for our neighbour the *Saturday Review*. The official journalism of the Prize Ring is offered to literary competition. The proprietors of *Bell's Life in London* have instructed their editor to announce that it will cease to be "the organ of the Ring," unless—which we do not think likely—the "blackguardism" of that institution be reformed. They are

led to this resolution by an outrageous scandal of last week. It is an illustration of the dignities and amenities of that literary patronage of pugilism to which the *Saturday Review* has lately aspired. Except for this moral, we should not care to relate the consequences of a fight between Micky Gannon and Joe Baldock at Gravesend. Hereby we learn, how manifold are the editorial responsibilities of the P.R. official gazette. The director of that journal has arduous judicial duties to perform, besides reporting the "events which come off," and advertising the challenges and terms for matches to come. He must hold himself ready to interpret the rules of fight, and to sit in formal arbitration upon any disputed case of their fair observance. The *Saturday*, which is nothing if not critical, and loves to lay down the law, may be prepared to succeed to this as well as to the other functions of the "organ of the Ring." Yet it would appear, from the latest experience, that the literary umpire of Boxiana has rather a dangerous post. Let us follow the artless narrative of the indignant *Bell*. We shall thus appreciate the courage and discretion of a new competitor for his post.

The fortitude of the prize ring never lacks a sacred bard for its celebration, yet the battle of Baldock with Gannon is only half told,—the other half dispersed in a whirlwind of angry controversy, which has called into exercise the judicial authority of the *P. R. Gazette*. Its reporter, with an exquisite variety of metaphoric diction, relates the first two dozen rounds. The dispensation, right and left, of innumerable well-aimed strokes by either pair of "mawleys" is minutely specified. We read how the "mawleys"—or fists, in honest English—of one and the other skilful bruiser descended by turns, in swift succession, upon the much-enduring features of his rival;—now falling upon the "ivories" or the "kisser," which means the teeth or the lips; and then upon the "nozzle," "snout," or "smeller," from which a copious supply of the "ruby," the "genuine home-brewed," was perceived to distil; again saluting the mouth, or "tater-trap," with repeated blows; or aiming at the upper part of the face, and confounding "the daylight," as the hostile "ogles" alias the "peepers" became suffused with blood. With such charming variations they played upon the human face divine; and this is the elegant style in which their performances are described. Having thus "done duty on the dial," and assiduously "rubbed in a good deal of knuckle burnish" upon each other's visages, these sturdy fools of vulgar fame, getting to closer quarters, exchanged some fierce body-blows, which are facetiously called "rib-ticklers," or "digs in the victualling department." A column of similar detestable slang is occupied with the detailed account of twenty-four rounds of manual pummelling, interrupted at that point by the rural police. The "camp" was then broken up, the crowd dispersed for a few minutes, and the police, we suppose, discreetly retired out of sight, until the "referee" had selected another piece of ground, where the rivals again set to. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when they were once more brought to "the scratch," which means, by the way, a line scratched in the turf; hence the etymology of a phrase that is often most innocently used. Some ten rounds were fought upon the new ground, but amidst so much confusion, from the improper conduct of Baldock's partisans, who would break into the ring, that *Bell's* reporter was unable to note the details of the performance. In his own vile jargon, he had endeavoured to relate, up to that time, the feats of Gannon and Baldock,—as, upon former occasions, the achievements of Mace and Goss, or of Mace and King, were related in tolerable English by the *Saturday Review*.

All that we are concerned with is the end of it. When about thirty-five rounds had been fought, Baldock, who was getting blind, held aloof and lingered in his corner, whither Gannon was deterred from pursuing him by the threats of Baldock's friends. A second apparition of the police now at length put an end to this contest, more than two hours from the time it first began. They took Baldock into custody, but he was soon released. The stakes of £100 a side were claimed by Gannon, since it was alleged by him, and by those who had betted upon him, that Baldock's party had sent for the police to save the defeat of their champion; or, at least, that Baldock had wilfully given himself into custody when he might easily have got away, or might have been rescued by his friends. It seems that only two policemen had come up. We know not whether we are to infer that Gannon's party thought it was incumbent on Baldock's party to resist the police by force; or whether, as *Bell's Life* declares, "the police had no wish, or thought, of doing anything more than merely preventing the contest being continued." In the former case, it would not be an unfair construction to put upon the award in favour of Gannon that the arbitrator would sanction and advise a very serious criminal

offence. In the latter case, the police would have done less than their duty by not detaining one of the combatants if he was bound to fight on. It devolved, however, on the editor of *Bell's Life*, at "one of those *levées* which his position requires him to hold," to hear the allegations of both parties, to examine witnesses, to make further inquiries, to consult the rules and precedents, and so to decide upon this question. We have no reason to doubt that he pronounced an equitable judgment. On Friday morning (the fight having taken place on Tuesday) the P. R. Court of Arbitration sat in the office of that journal, 170, Strand, and then and there awarded the prize to Gannon. Now, let the editor of *Bell's Life* tell the rest of the story for himself:—

"Directly this just decision was given, our office was filled by a band of ruffians, at the head of whom were Ward, of the Iron Founders' Arms, Greenwich, Young Billy Shaw, Tom Tyler, and Baldock himself, who assailed us and our reporter with the vilest abuse, and Baldock and another of his friends, a pedestrian named Myers, we believe, with frightful oaths, declared that they would take the life of our Ring reporter the first time they caught him in the streets. Young Tyler and Ward were no way behindhand in their threats, and the scene altogether was of such a nature as we never witnessed before, and will take care shall not occur again in our office. Finally we were compelled to summon the assistance of our whole staff of compositors to clear the room, but the company did not take their departure without threatening to wreak their vengeance upon every one who did not think with them at the earliest opportunity."

We might condole with our sporting contemporary upon this ungrateful treatment of him, but from his previous allusion to our recent comments on the pugilistic trade, he seems hardly disposed to accept any friendly messages from us. At least we might hope to be allowed to congratulate him, if *Bell's Life* should really determine to withdraw its countenance from the P. R., and leave that amiable institution to the approval of the *Saturday Review*. "There are people who do not like it," says a polite writer, "and there are people who do." It must be presumed that the S. R., which has, for the last twelvemonth, been diligently cultivating its alliance with the P. R., is pretty well acquainted with the abuses complained of. There is one gentleman,—we beg his pardon, "one of those whom they take for gentlemen," as he prefers to describe himself when in the choice company of Whitechapel and Seven Dials,—who ought to know all about these matters. He sat up all night with those precious comrades "boozing and smoking" at a public-house, on the eve of the fight between Jem Mace and Joe Goss, barely six weeks ago. He travelled down by the early special train to Wootton Bassett. He fraternised with the dirty fellows who went there to "jolly" for Joe Goss. They were bound to support that hero, who, as they said, would never let them go in want of a pint of beer. This writer, whom they "take for a gentleman," takes them for better than they are. The pleasing illusion is mutual. If a good word is to be said for their class, he is the one to say it. He testifies, we dare say truly, that they are "not all thieves as well as blackguards." But this is scarcely enough to serve their turn. He admires the "generous instincts" of "London roughs" who "hang about public-houses and talk of prize-fights" with him. They are in need of his literary advocacy: when *Bell's Life* turns their accuser, it is to the *Saturday Review* they must look for defence. The counsel are named on either side; the indictment is read as follows:—

"A new system has, we regret to see, crept into the practice of the P. R., which must end in the utter downfall of the profession, and that at a very early date, unless it is at once put an end to. It is this:—The backers of each man select such members of the P. R. as possess the most powerful lungs, the largest collection of beastly language, and the most ruffianly appearance, and 'put them on,' as it is termed, say £5 or £10 to nothing, on condition that they 'jolly' for their man, and do all they can to obstruct the mill if it is going against him, and to intimidate the referee should their friend be compelled to resort to foul practices to save his money. We regret that even some of the men whom we have always reckoned among the best of the members of the Association have lately lent themselves to this practice, which must soon bring them into contempt, and will infallibly prevent gentlemen from being present at exhibitions at which, if this practice is not at once checked, their very lives will not be safe. It has been too often seen lately that one half the ring-keepers have been retained to jolly on one side, and one half on the other, so that, in fact, their duties have been utterly neglected, that they may do what they can for their pals. This game is a very recent introduction, as we have above said. It utterly prevents fair play, and as fair play and manliness are the only grounds on which we can defend the Ring and its practices, we may at once state that the instant it becomes apparent that these grounds are no longer attainable, we shall be the first to take a course opposed to that we have so long endeavoured to run, and shall do all that in our power lies to abolish the practice of the once-called noble art altogether in the prize ring—however much we may encourage the use of the gloves—and will leave no stone unturned in order to improve the degraded pugilist off the face of this fair country."

Notice is hereby given. Oyez! ye blackguards who are not all thieves,—ye partisans of Jack and Tom, of Jem and Joe, of Patsy,

Ike, and Micky,—if ye do not stop cheating and "jollying," packing the ring, and bullying the umpire, *Bell's Life* will cease to be the *Moniteur* of the republic of Fistiana, and will join the LONDON REVIEW "to put an end to a sport which, as at present carried on, cannot be defended on any ground whatever." Yet the P. B. A. (Public Bruising Association) finds another representative in the press. We cannot state already that the *Saturday Review* has got the office of *Bell's Life*; there is perhaps an interregnum; but it is sure, meanwhile, to "get the office" for the great £2,000 match in December between Heenan and Tom King. Who knows not where to look for the best information? Pugilists of renown are "to be heard of" in a certain periodical, whose sporting contributors are to be heard of in a certain bar-parlour on the eve of any considerable "event." Amongst our latest publishers' advertisements is that of a volume of essays, "by a *Saturday Reviewer*," entitled "The Gentle Life." We wonder which pages of that journal are reprinted with such a name? Is it a book of chaste and elegant scholarship, of thoughtful ethical discussions, of lively good humour,—or is it a fresh edition of the memoirs of a modern Corinthian Tom? After all, this is no business of ours. In undertaking to "jolly" for the P. R., which seems to be, like its own Baldock, a baffled and blinded brute, slinking into corners, in a declining and disreputable plight, the *Saturday* should know what it is about. We only trust that it will escape such menacing and disagreeable visitations as have invaded the premises of *Bell's Life*. We have some interest in the safety and quiet of Southampton-street. We do not wish to see Baldock and Tom Tyler, with a score of "London roughs," seeking vengeance in the house opposite for an adverse decree of pugilistic law. We could not, in that case, promise any help from this side of the way. Indeed, we ought not, for it is proverbial that the blood of Douglas can protect itself.

THE PUFF SYSTEM.

ANYBODY who is wearied of the magazines and novels of the day, may find a wholesome and lively satisfaction by retiring for a while from the literary pastures in the middle of the volume to the fields and suburbs of advertisement, which (by the kindness of the publishers) may be seen skirting the book on either side. Each publisher of talent keeps at the beginning and end of every work a set of literary hothouses, in which he stores up the rarest and most remarkable puffs. As a rule, it is quite worth the reader's while to abandon his pursuit of intellectual food in the midst of a poem or tale, and to take an evening stroll through these curious collections. In the first place he will discover a good deal that throws light upon the susceptibilities and vanities of authors. No wonder that writers object to anything but a "kindly spirit" in criticism, when they are accustomed to browse upon such delicacies. In the second place, he will learn to what extraordinary lengths one man or woman will go in praising another man's or woman's book. The adulation which even ordinary and inferior works seem to command from a certain school of newspaper critics is absolutely Oriental. There is a regular course and order in these things. After running the gauntlet in London a mangled author returns home, and his sainted remains receive the worship of this provincial press. If strength of language is the test by which praise or blame is to be measured, it must be very rarely that any book receives at the hands of the best critics any chastisement, which is not amply counterbalanced by the honey and treacle administered elsewhere. The flattery so profusely lavished is very generally genuine. There are doubtless an infinite number of people in the world who sincerely believe that there is no novelist like Mrs. Beecher Stowe, no poet like Miss Procter, no philosopher like their own Tupper. When such is the standard by which they measure the productions of the day, it is not surprising that they are prepared to look on all literary works in a cheery and enthusiastic way. Besides these amiable lunatics, there are always a number of admirers who either are friends of the author, or know his family, or are interested in the family in which the authoress is governess. They consider it a friendly, a genial thing, to think the book a good one; and to praise it indiscriminately wherever they may go. Whatever is the cause, the effect is the same. There is nobody in the world, says the proverb, that is not made for some one else to fall in love with. The maxim which is true of men and women is equally true of books. It is only when all the puffs of the month are collected by an enterprising publisher, and set side by side in a blushing row, that the spectacle becomes striking and unique.

The "kindly spirit" of the press appears to have been poured out with extraordinary unction upon the gifted Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, whose burning eloquence is just now making itself heard all over England. Mr. Beecher is fortunate enough to be the

author of "Royal Truths" and "Life Thoughts,"—works which we have not yet seen, but which, if we are to judge by the criticisms of Mr. Beecher's friends, must be the masterpieces of the age. Nor is Mr. Beecher only an author. He seems to have the power of making his "Royal Truths" appreciated in the very highest quarters. The following strange metaphor has been culled, for the advertisement of his works, from the admiring *Patriot* :—

"To those who like a fresh dewy thought to lay upon their heart in the morning or to lay upon a friend's heart, we heartily commend this vigorous and healthy book."

This glowing panegyric comes, it is obvious, from a feminine quiver. No man would ever dream of calling for a fresh dewy thought in the morning. He would infinitely sooner have a fresh egg. Nor can we conceive of the most enthusiastic masculine admirer of Mr. Beecher wanting any of his "Royal Truths" to lay upon anybody's heart before breakfast. If there is a time when an Englishman is dead to all poetry and sentiment it is certainly at this part of the day; and the only thing that he would at all care to have fresh and dewy would be the butter. The *Northern Ensign* is as laudatory as the *Patriot*, though apparently it does not get up so early, and does not require to be supplied regularly with a "Royal Truth" contemporaneously with the morning's milk :—

"This work is happily named. It is, indeed, a book brimful of burning, brilliant, beautiful 'Royal Truths;' each one more powerfully practical than another."

The fervour of the style, the tremendous power of alliteration, and the concluding paradox of the above, incline us to think that the *Northern Ensign* comes from the other side of the Channel, and resides not a hundred miles from Ochry. It is possible to understand how a book can be brimful of what is brilliant, beautiful, and burning; though, if it be indeed all this, it must be the best literary powder-magazine going. But how each truth can be more powerfully practical than another—except in "Ould Ireland"—we defy the *Northern Ensign* to explain. It is the old story over again of the Chartist orator and the Irishman: "Tell me, Pat," says the Chartist, "is not one man as good as another?" "Faith," says Pat, "he is, and a deal better too!" The last of Mr. Beecher's friends whom we shall call upon the present occasion is the *Glasgow Morning Journal* :—

"In every page there is an exuberance of fresh, beautiful, living thought; and the reading of the book by snatches (which is obviously the way to read it) is like a trip to the Lakes or Highlands. The reader is made a healthier, happier, better man."

There is something exceedingly humorous in the state of mind of the critic who has at one and the same moment come to the conclusion that a work is full of fresh and living thought, and yet that the obvious way to read the book is to read it "by snatches." Fatigue and admiration in such a case seem to be so admirably blended that the trip to the Lakes or the Highlands may not after all be an inapposite comparison. We can imagine that Mr. Beecher is a medicine which is best suited for application upon the homœopathic system; and we have no wish to insist upon his being taken in anything like large doses.

From this American hero we pass to Miss Dora Greenwell, a lady of whose work upon patience the *Witness* very candidly and clearly says :—

"This is the most thoughtful and suggestive book of our day."

The literary treacle upon which Miss Greenwell is fed comes in a large measure from our contemporary the *Athenæum*. *De mortuis et de morientibus nil nisi bonum*. If there is anything that makes the admiring reader pray that the excellent journal in question may live a thousand years, it is the wish that some one may be left to write such splendid extracts as the following :—

"Miss Greenwell seems to us to be peculiarly fitted with natural gifts for entering into the chambers of the human heart, and to be spiritually endowed to walk there with a brightening influence, cheering, soothing, exalting with words of comfort and looks of love, as a kind of Florence Nightingale, walking the hospital of ailing souls."

The *Patriot* used Mr. Beecher for laying on "a friend's" heart at breakfast-time. The *Athenæum*, with still more daring imagery, employs Miss Greenwell to walk inside. After this audacious trifling with the human person on the part of Miss Greenwell, we fear that nothing is left for anybody else, except indeed it be jumping down "a friend's" throat. From Miss Greenwell we pass to a certain Dr. Huntingdon, who, we learn from the advertisements, has published a work upon Christian life and doctrine. A year before its appearance—if we are to credit one of his warmest admirers—this gentleman was a distinguished Socinian preacher. Within the short space of twelve months he was converted into one of the lights of the Christian Church. Even in these days of

railways and electric telegraphs it must be confessed that this is very rapid sprouting. If the Church's pillars are so quickly built, there is no fear of her falling; but ordinary theologians are not blessed with this extraordinary capacity for growth in learning and in grace. The *Caledonian Mercury*, however, hails the advent of the new convert's first theological work in these terms, which at once place him among the stars of orthodoxy and by the side of St. Bernard, Calvin, Thomas à Kempis, or Jeremy Taylor :—

"For freshness of thought, power of illustration, and evangelical earnestness, this writer is not surpassed by the ablest theologians in the palmiest days of the Church."

Next let us take a volume by Horace Bushnell, D.D., upon "Nature and the Supernatural," of which the *Scottish Congregational Magazine*, in the innocence of its heart, and betraying a naïve horror of first-rate literature, says :—

"Though this is a great work, for such we deem it, it is not an obscure, much less a dull one."

The only comment to be selected from the *Eclectic Review* is a powerful and a telling one.

"To thoughtful, open, and candid minds this will be a priceless volume."—*The Eclectic Review*.

After this startling commercial announcement, it is a relief to learn from the more matter-of-fact publisher that Dr. Bushnell is actually for sale, and that the most open, thoughtful, and candid mind in Europe may really purchase him for three and sixpence. Pursuing the same even course, we next arrive at Miss Tytler's "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," a title which (without disparagement to the merits of the volume, whatever they be) we do not hesitate to pronounce the most forbidding that we have ever seen chosen by a candidate for literary laurels. We do not know Miss Tytler, indeed we never saw her; in all probability we shall never see her work. It is, therefore, upon pure and abstract principles, and in the most thorough spirit of impartiality, we humbly represent to the *Evangelical Magazine* that to put a casual lady at one fell swoop above Lord Bacon and Archbishop Whately is very considerably "tall" talking even for a religious periodical. Yet this is what the *Evangelical Magazine* is willing to do gratuitously for the happy Miss Tytler.

"She discourses about youth, intellect, beauty, friendship, love, godliness, life,—with the practical purpose, wise discrimination, and rich thoughtfulness of Archbishop Whately or Lord Bacon; and then she does what neither of our great ethical philosophers could have done,—tells an admirable story illustrative of her theme."

After this, we need say no more. The Art of Puffing can no higher go. We will only give two more elegant extracts, the one from our contemporary the *Witness*, who says of Madame de Gasparin's "Near and Heavenly Horizons" :—

"These pages are like gossamer threads beaded with radiant dew-drops."

The other is from the fluent, the ubiquitous A. K. H. B. :—

"I would rather be the author of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table' than of all Shelley's writings put together."

This short and comical paragraph is as good as a voluminous essay "concerning the lamentable condition of Mr. A. K. H. B." It is one of the many fresh and dewy thoughts which that intellectual writer is so fond of laying on the human heart of his friends. Only one thing seems to us to be yet wanted. It is that Mr. A. K. H. B. would inform us when and where it was that this remarkable reflection occurred to him; whether he was sitting on a gate, or leaning upon his horse's nose. Afterwards, we should wish to prefer a further humble and simple petition to him. He is in the habit of jotting down his unvarnished thoughts and publishing them in periodicals of the day. Has the unvarnished thought ever occurred to him whether he would prefer to have been Milton or Martin Tupper? It is a serious question, and admits of many pro's and con's for a reflective mind; and we have no doubt that the advertisements of Mr. Martin Tupper's poems depend very mainly upon his decision. In the meantime, while he is deliberating upon the point, we have no hesitation in letting his literary criticism on "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" close the series we have given above, as the crowning triumph of the "kindly" school of criticism. There is no doubt that it is happy for the world that there are people whose tastes dispose them to invert the ordinary laws of literary judgment. It is a fortunate thing that what are some people's geese are other people's swans. So long, however, as this is the case, it is as well that some should be left who do not hesitate to call a spade a spade, and a goose a goose.

LORD LYNTHURST'S LAST ORATIONS.

WHY did not some modern Copley paint the scene in the House of Lords in May, 1860, when the venerable Lyndhurst rose to oppose the Paper-duty Bill?

The House of Lords has not been stirred so profoundly since the repeal of the Corn-laws as on that occasion. It was agitated to its utmost depths. From remote castles and feudal halls came old men, who had not entered Parliament for years, to measure their strength with the House of Commons, and to vindicate the privileges of their chamber. The area around the throne was thronged with future peers and distinguished commoners. The space below the bar was so crowded that Lord Redesdale interrupted the debate to demand that all persons except younger sons of peers and members of the Lower House should be expelled. Peeresses and other ladies of distinction rained down smiles and sympathy like the dames of old at a tournament. The anxiety to be present was almost unprecedented. Great issues were at stake; and all eyes were at first centred upon the Earl of Derby, who had taken upon himself the responsibility of what Mr. Gladstone afterwards described as "the most gigantic and the most dangerous innovation that has been attempted in our time."

But an old man, a very old man, enters the House. His lower limbs seem almost helpless, and he is assisted with pious care by a brother peer. The old man is led, almost carried, indeed, to his usual seat. That seat has now become historic, like the Great Duke's, or the cross bench now occupied by the heir-apparent. It is a seat on the second bench behind Lord Derby, but at its extreme end, nearest to the bar, and consequently next to the gangway. Great sensation is excited by the appearance of this venerable old senator, and still more wonder is felt when the spectators observe that a little hand-rail covered with red cloth—the only one in the House—has been affixed to the back of the bench below, so as to enable the aged peer to grasp it and address their lordships without falling. It is Lord Lyndhurst, who enters that day on his eighty-ninth year, and is about to celebrate his birthday by a speech which, as we can already predict, will be accepted by all the peers on his own side of the House as perfectly conclusive and unanswerable.

The debate is opened by Earl Granville, who moves the second reading of the bill. His smiling, good-humoured face prepossesses the audience in his favour, but his style is that of one who tries to coax by a persuasive tone rather than convince by incontrovertible arguments. He twitters round his subject, and pecks at it, like a sparrow amusing himself with an empty periwinkle. He holds weapons of the best edge and temper, but handles them feebly and inartistically, and too often ekes out a weak thrust by a jocose smile. After a long speech, in which he quotes many authorities in literature against the Paper-duty, Lord Granville resumes his seat.

What do we see now? The venerable figure that we saw enter the House is showing signs of life and animation. He grasps his hand-rail, and, after two or three convulsive efforts, gains his feet. His lower limbs are so weak that he dare not let go his hold, for fear of falling either forward or backward. Sir Charles Barry's magnificent chamber has never offered a more curious and remarkable spectacle than it presents at this moment from the members' gallery. The Liberal peers who sit on the opposite benches look at the old man with visible interest, but of course without movement or change of position. Not so the peers on his own side of the House. They are compelled to turn on their seats, and thus, rows of eager, anxious, inquiring faces, in which admiration and respect are equally blended, are upturned to view as they are directed to the aged orator. It is impossible to describe the intense interest with which men of all parties and statesmen of both Houses listen to an old man who has come to be viewed as the Nestor of his time. The Iron Duke, even in the later days of his life, was scarcely regarded with so much pride and respect. That a statesman who is almost a nonagenarian should address their lordships at all, is almost unparalleled in Parliamentary annals. But that a peer of so great an age should bear the brunt of a debate, should "get up" a constitutional question, and exhaust all the precedents and arguments bearing upon the privilege in dispute, may safely be said to be unexampled in the history of modern Europe. With slow and measured speech, only occasionally inaudible; with masterly self-possession; taking full time to collect his thoughts in the pauses between his sentences, and deliberately choosing his words as he goes along, the noble and venerable peer defends the privileges of the House of Peers, and contends for the constitutional right of that estate of the realm to reject Mr. Gladstone's bill, if financial difficulties and a dark and troubled European horizon warned their lordships to interfere.

Loud and long were the cheers that greeted the close of his masterly speech. The love of praise—that "last infirmity of noble minds"—was by no means dead in Lord Lyndhurst, and the old man was evidently gratified by the plaudits and the admiration he excited. While other men of fewer years have sought to gratify their craving for notoriety by rushing into eccentricity, his cool judgment led him to eschew all singularity except that derived from legitimate oratorical distinction. As they listened to his peroration the peers could not help thinking that they might be listening to the honied and persuasive accents of the venerable Nestor for the last time. Every one felt that the scene they were gazing at possessed a certain historical interest. Some Royal Academician may yet try and make a picture of the ancient lawyer on his legs, with every peer on the Opposition side turning round to look at him.

When he lets go the hand-rail, and sinks into his seat, the old man falls back with such a want of elasticity that nothing but an apparatus of pulleys and chains seems likely to lift him on his legs again. When he leaves the House, the Earl of Lucan well nigh carries him out, and one would scarcely have been surprised if the Crimean general had, like pious Æneas, seized the old man, and borne him out on his shoulders. When the division takes place, and Lord Chancellor Campbell announces the numbers to be—For the Paper Duty Bill, 104; against it, 193; astonishment at so unexpected a majority for an instant arrests the Derbyite cheer. When it bursts forth, a number of strangers in their lordships' gallery are so carried away by the excitement, that they, too, join in the shouts of victory—a breach of order which the oldest officer of the House cannot remember to have before occurred. It passes almost unnoticed, however, so absorbed are the peers in congratulations and conversation upon the probable results of the vote. The auditors are scarcely less interested. And all admit that the speech of the night was not Lord Granville's, which was weak, nor even Lord Derby's, which stirred his hearers like a trumpet, but the speech of an old man with one foot in the grave.

This was Lord Lyndhurst's last great speech in Parliament. Going back a few short years to the first of these reappearances of the ancient Ex-Chancellor, we find the noble and learned lord taking the leading part in the opposition to the life-peerage of Mr. Baron Parke (now Lord Wensleydale). What the Reform Bill was to the House of Commons, the question of life-peers seemed likely to be to the Upper House. It was certainly one of the greatest constitutional questions that could be mooted; and when Lord Lyndhurst gave notice of a motion that the patent be referred to a Committee of Privileges, the House of Lords was thronged with peers and strangers as it only is on great occasions. The venerable peer had, for some years previous to this debate, retired from party strife; and the respect in which he was held by peers of all parties for his singular talents and vast experience, invested his speech on this occasion with great weight and authority. In his prime he was one of the handsomest men in either House of Parliament, and at this date (1856) his personal presence would have been considered remarkably vigorous and graceful in a man fifteen years his junior. He walked into the House with slowness and some feebleness, and his sight was somewhat impaired by his great age. But as he stood up erect, and unbowed by the hand of time, it was touching to mark the deference paid by their lordships to the aged peer. His voice occasionally faltered and became feeble, but his elocution was always distinct and perfect, and his treatment of the subject showed that time had not dimmed the lustre of his clear and powerful intellect. Lord Lyndhurst carefully abstained on this occasion from expressing an opinion that the creation of a life-peerage was not legal and strictly according to precedent, and he therefore carried his motion without difficulty. It must have been pleasant to the Whig Ministers to hear Lord Derby first exclaiming against the danger of a precedent drawn from the reign of the Plantagenets, and then eulogizing the constitution as it was settled by the Bill of Rights. But the mere spectators felt it to be a great privilege to be present in the House of Lords on the memorable occasion of the first life-peerage of modern times, and to hear Lord Lyndhurst's speech against that organic change and modern innovation.

The Committee of Privileges sat, and Lord Lyndhurst proposed to a full House a resolution, embodying the report of the Committee and denying Lord Wensleydale's right to sit and vote in the House of Peers. He again spoke with great force and clearness. But a change had come over the appearance of the venerable peer during the three or four weeks which had elapsed since he had led the Opposition. It was a perilous thing for an old man of eighty-four to leave his honourable retirement, to rush into a foremost place in Parliamentary strife, and to undertake the responsibility of becoming the guide and champion of his peers in a

struggle against the exercise of the Royal prerogative. Even the stimulus of praise and success, in unwonted measure, brings a shock to the brain and excitement to the pulses, which are not without danger to the animal economy. It was clear to the most casual observer that Lord Lyndhurst was agitating this question of life-peerages at the risk of his health, and that he had undertaken an amount of labour and responsibility to which any other man would have found himself unequal. But there was no want of vigour and decision in the advice which the old man now tendered to the House. He boldly counselled their lordships to direct the officers of their House to refuse to admit Baron Wensleydale within the House when he came to take his seat, and to refuse to administer the oaths to him. The Government were taken by surprise by this contention upon the legality of a life-peerage. They demanded time for consideration. The present Duke of Wellington, having voted against the Government, resigned his post of Master of the Horse. Lord Chancellor Cranworth, having taken upon himself the responsibility of recommending the creation of a life-peer, tendered his resignation of the Great Seal as soon as Lord Lyndhurst carried his motion. The time was not favourable for contesting the prerogative of the Crown against the pretensions of the Opposition majority, who gladly fought under the leadership of Lord Lyndhurst. The question of war or peace with Russia engrossed all the attention of the Cabinet. At length, after a decent interval, the Government gave way, and Lord Wensleydale was called to the Upper House by the usual patent.

In July, 1859, between the preceding scenes, Lord Lyndhurst drew attention to the state of our national defences. He dilated on the change produced in naval warfare through the application of steam. He contended that we ought to have a first-rate Channel fleet as well as a first-rate Mediterranean fleet. To the question whether we were not in alliance with France, and whether precautions were not therefore unnecessary, the old man replied with energy, "I will not consent to live in dependence on the friendship and forbearance of any country." England ought to rely on its own vigour, its own exertions, and its own intelligence. "I shall be told, perhaps," he added, "that these are the timid counsels of old age." He vindicated himself against this imputation, and concluded his warning thus: "I shall terminate what I have to say by two emphatic words—words of solemn and most significant import—*VÆ VICTIS!*" The speech was one of extraordinary vigour and ability, but quite alarmist in tone. At any rate, like the two great orations previously described, it was successful. The English fleet was reconstructed, the defenceless state of our shores being acknowledged by the Ministry.

His friends who were present at the marriage of his daughter with Mr. Ducane, M.P., last June, could not help remarking the "inimitable neatness of his dress," when borne in a kind of litter into St. George's, Hanover-square. A solicitous regard to his outward appearance was one of his ruling passions. On his last appearances in the House of Peers the venerable Ex-Chancellor was so well made up, had a "scratch" so juvenile, a coat so well built, pantaloons so faultless, patent leather boots so shining, a hat so glossy, a cheek and chin so devoid of hair, a colour so fresh, and an eye so quick and vivacious, that at a distance of a few feet a stranger might take the nonagenarian lawyer and statesman for a septuagenarian dandy.

LAWSUITS IN SCOTLAND.

SOCIAL Science has been working moral miracles at Edinburgh. Scotsmen have left off boasting of the Scottish thistle and the Scottish lion, struck apparently, at last, with the obvious suggestion of a different animal which so persevering an invocation of the vegetable raises in the mind, and have taken to calling themselves bad names for keeping ill-drained courts and immoral cottages. But the crowning portent is displayed by the lawyers. They have grown candid, have begun to tell the truth and to shame their former selves. Frankly and in broad day, they have informed the world that "the business of the law-courts is decaying," and that ruin stares them in the face unless an instant remedy is found. The remedy they propose is the introduction of the science of special pleading, and the division, till now unknown in the North, of law-suits into those belonging to Chancery and to Common Law. They are wise in their generation, and recommend undoubtedly the most effectual means for the promotion of "business in the courts." We here know pretty well what special pleading and the division between law and equity produces in the way of litigation, even after a good many centuries of use have fashioned both into something like shape. But to think of a Scottish "advocate" taking up the system and

trying to translate it into northern phraseology! The scheme has only one defect, its drift is too honestly avowed. Litigation is wanted, and this idea is redolent of litigation. We know not whether our friends over the Border like the smell of toasted cheese, inside some annoying wires; but if they will nibble after this warning we cannot help it. Unfortunately, however, they will not be the only victims. For the last twenty years we have been trying to get rid of the system which is now to be palmed off on them. We have advanced a good way, we have brought law and equity a good deal closer than they were, and our best and leading lawyers now look forward to the possibility of their entire amalgamation. Only last session the Lord Chancellor declared that till this was effected we must consent to be considered as living under a barbarous system of law. But we fear the prospect will be made considerably more distant if this barbarous system is now transplanted to a neighbouring country, where it has hitherto been unknown. Obstructiveness will gain new strength from so striking an example. The testimony of Scotland will be cited as that of an impartial witness, in concealment of the fact that it has been gained through a combination of ignorance and astuteness. So we must ask our readers, for their own sakes, to follow us into a somewhat dry subject, and to back us with the weight of English common sense, while we try to show our Scottish friends why they should not immolate themselves to the demon of technicality in the very simple manner which their lawyers are enticing them to adopt. They can most profitably take many suggestions from our law, as we might from theirs; but we cannot afford to let them drop unsuspectingly into so terrible a blunder as this.

Everybody knows that there are two sides to every question, and particularly to every question that ends in a lawsuit. The parties may, honestly or dishonestly, disagree about the facts, and they may also disagree about the law. According to our legal theory, the facts are to be ascertained by a jury, the law decided by a judge. In order to separate the two, the science of special pleading was invented. The plaintiff states his version of the facts, and claims what he thinks the appropriate legal remedy. The defendant either admits the correctness of the statement, and merely disputes the legal consequence deduced, in which case there is only a question of law raised; or he denies some of the facts, or alleges some other facts which support his own case. If he alleges new facts, the plaintiff must deny or confess them; and so the reciprocal process of allegation and denial goes on till the whole of the facts are stated, and either admitted or denied by the opposite sides. Then such as are denied on either part are submitted to a jury. All this seems very simple, in outline. But then it is obvious that one of the parties may, at some one or other of the stages, allege a fact which may be true or not, but has really nothing to do with the case; and if so, it would be absurd to submit it to the jury. So the judge has to be called upon to say whether it is relevant or not. And to prevent as much as possible this inconvenience arising, an infinite number of technical rules are laid down to regulate the proper form in which each party may couch his answer to his opponent's allegations. The rules are necessary, but the breach of them involves more complication. So this effort to compel the parties to reduce their case, by their own counter statements, to a bare affirmation or denial of the one or two important points on which it turns, very often ends in confusion and failure of justice.

In Chancery, a different and simpler course is adopted. Each party makes his own separate and full statement of his own case, and the judge at once selects out of the two stories the essential points, decides on the matter of law, and, if disputed fact is involved, states briefly the question and sends it to a jury for an answer. And this, with very slight modification, is the form in which all suits have hitherto been conducted in Scotland.

This Chancery system has arisen among us out of sheer necessity—because of the complication of human affairs being so great that in many cases it is impossible to reduce them by the rigid common law system of special pleading into any manageable series of counterstatements and denials. But the disadvantages of the two systems being concurrent are very great. Very often a suitor is utterly puzzled whether to bring his case before the one or the other tribunal. Sometimes, after taking the best advice, he finds at the end that he has been wrong, that he can get no relief from the Court which he has applied to, and that he must begin all over again in the other Court. Still more often he is obliged to take only half a remedy, because the Common Law Court can by its system give no more than half, and the Chancery Court can by its theory give only what the other cannot.

The Scottish lawyers propose to introduce this system, not by the institution of separate Courts, as with us, but by the institu-

tion of separate forms of action appropriate to different classes of cases. They will learn soon that the evils arise from that cause rather than from the existence of two descriptions of Courts. If a man can only determine what is his appropriate form of suit, he can have no difficulty in ascertaining which is the right Court to entertain it. But our social relations are now so complex that cases are constantly occurring in which it is impossible to decide beforehand what is the class to which they belong. Between every class, however precise may seem the definition, there lie an infinity of doubtful cases. For the sake, then, of some improvement in procedure in those which are clear, the Scottish proposition is to introduce a mass of preliminary litigation in those which are doubtful.

The northern lawyers contend that this is necessary, because under the general Chancery system appropriate to every class they are taunted by the House of Lords with indulging in diffuse irrelevancy. This is the plea for a Maine Liquor Law applied to pleading. Because they cannot contain the profuse flow of words, and refrain from indulging in the intoxication of nonsense, they want this law to make them compulsorily succinct and accurate. We however have found that those who are addicted to wars of language can indulge their intemperance in spite of any law. With all our care and all our amendments, we have found that the system of special pleading may be abused by counsel to the detriment of the suitor just as much as the Chancery statements can. And in consequence we have through all our recent amendments been drawing nearer and nearer to the principle, that we must entrust this duty of excluding "impertinence" very much to the judge, and very little to the operation of inflexible rules and forms. We have found that every additional form is a fresh source of litigation. And so, though common law pleading is an instrument of wonderful ingenuity, subtlety, and precision, we are daily advancing to the acknowledgment that it is too fine and delicate for practical use, and that we must fall back, if we would have complete and ample justice, on the Chancery, or existing Scottish system, of which the Scottish lawyers are getting so tired.

After all, this is the conclusion of common sense as well as of experience. When two people come before a third and ask him to arbitrate in their quarrel, he at once bids them tell their stories, stopping them when they wander into irrelevant matters; he asks each if he admits some assertion of the other; and he points out what matters need further explanation, or the testimony of witnesses. He certainly does not bid them go away and exchange written notes, under certain principles which he lays down, until they have wrought out for themselves a clear issue, upon which he may at once decide. And, accordingly, our County Courts, though they are limited to common law questions, are not allowed to expiscate them according to the artificial common law system of pleading, but are compelled to hear and decide under the natural or Chancery practice. No doubt this practice may be abused, and has been horribly abused, in Chancery, as well as in Scotland. But the counsel can resist the abuse, and the judges can prevent it, if they will. And we cannot afford to let our friends in Scotland throw an obstacle in our own progress, by adopting a system from which we are slowly working ourselves clear, merely because they can't or won't restrain their *cacoethes loquendi*. We are sure they will find, if they choose to look for it, a better cure for the malady than to apply Procrustean treatment to the stories their clients want them to tell.

M. DE LAMARTINE.

THE pressing necessities of M. de Lamartine have compelled him once more to appeal to the public for assistance. It is the same Crispin who is here again; but, for the nonce, the poet seems desirous of probing English pockets. In an elaborate advertisement this week inserted in the daily papers, we are told that unless a certain sum of money can be raised by a certain time, the estates belonging to M. de Lamartine must be sold by public auction. To obviate this disagreeable culmination of a brilliant and reputable career, M. de Lamartine invites subscriptions to the last and completest edition of his works. Seventeen guineas a set is the price to *abonnés*, and cheques for that sum may be forwarded to his agent in Jermyn-street, who, with somewhat excessive anxiety to raise funds for his client, announces his willingness to receive even "postage stamps for the poet." All this we can but regard as extremely painful and undignified. *Prima facie* there is, of course, no harm in an author subscribing his own works; even subscribing them vicariously every time his publisher has a new book ready for the press. Hogarth, too, propounded a cunning scheme for bringing his pictures to the hammer; and Sir Walter Scott, in an

infelicitous moment of aberration, became his own bookseller. But M. de Lamartine's *abonnements* have been going on too long, and have been too often repeated. From the existing Government in France, from which he has somewhat grandiloquently professed his determination to accept nothing, he has more than once obtained an authorization to hold a lottery or raffle, for the purpose of getting his "complete edition" off his hands. The French newspapers have for years been deluged with advertisements in the largest type, setting forth the advantages offered by "the Lottery of St. Point." Recently the additional bait of the poet's autograph, in exchange for every order (accompanied by a remittance) of the "complete edition" has been thrown out. The apology for this obviously indecent mode of procedure is always the same. The integrity of M. de Lamartine's ancestral estates is continually menaced. The notary and the attorney are always lying in wait with writs, distrains, and other unpleasant processes. Then the poet is described as having discharged all his servants; and we are called upon to contemplate him, aged and penniless, sitting among his shattered Penates.

Belisarius, blind and destitute, tendering his hand for an obolus, after conquering half a continent, is a sufficiently pitiable spectacle in romance, but matter-of-fact historians have thrown grave doubts on the story both of the blindness and the destitution of Justinian's general. In like manner the French public have come to shake their heads in a very ominous manner at the oft-iterated tale of M. de Lamartine's difficulties. They ask, not unnaturally, why the poet does not get rid, for good and all, of the estates which are manifestly a burden to him, pay whatever dividend may then become available for his creditors, and settle down comfortably on the pension which the Chief of the State would be only too happy to accord to him? In our own country the speculative mendacity of this very eminent and embarrassed man might give rise to even harsher comments. To be able to issue a "complete edition," comprising forty or fifty volumes, argues the possession of some capital, or, at least, of some credit with the printer and the paper-maker. Mr. Bohn will tell us that to keep a heavy amount of back-stock warehoused is no joke. Advertisements, too, cost money; and when we see M. de Lamartine and his difficulties so extensively and so persistently paraded, it is difficult to banish the suspicion that some shrewd *libraire éditeur* is either "standing in" with the poet, or trading, for a consideration, on his name. The transaction, indeed, is fast becoming a scandal, and ought to cease. The very high literary qualities of Alphonse de Lamartine, his amiable disposition and blameless character, are known to all Europe. As a poet, his melodious numbers have won universal admiration. "Jocelyn" and the "Meditations" can never rank with the burning verses of Victor Hugo; but M. de Lamartine has never written an impure line, or inculcated a mischievous thought, which is more than can be said for his gifted contemporary. Yet, in so far as regards personal dignity and manliness of deportment, the author of "Notre Dame de Paris" is far in advance of the historian of the Girondins. Victor Hugo has been poorer than Lamartine can ever be, but he has disdained to crave alms. He has been exiled; he has been proscribed; the legitimate revenue he derived from the performance of his dramas in France has been suppressed, either through a direct prohibition on the part of the Government, or through the pusillanimity of managers fearful of offending the ruling powers. Like Dante, he has been a proscribed and hunted man. "Thou shalt prove," wrote the immortal Florentine, "how salt is the taste of the bread of others, and how hard is the road going up and down the stairs of the stranger." But Dante never realised, in his own person, the image he has so touchingly portrayed of a "man stripping himself of all shame, and, trembling in his very vitals, placing himself in the public way and stretching out his hand for charity."

The French people are justly proud of M. de Lamartine as a poet, and they gladly recognise the integrity and single-mindedness which marked his brief career as a statesman. But most intelligent Frenchmen are alive to the painful fact that the accomplished sentimentalist and ex-member of the Provisional Government is singularly deficient in muscle of mind and in self-respect. They are sick of this eternal sending round a new hat, and rattling of the begging box. A quarter of a century since the talented and unhappy Benjamin Robert Haydon exhibited a similar example of importunity. The literary journals were periodically supplied with paragraphs dilating upon "Mr. Haydon's difficulties." It was not that he was very idle, or very improvident, or very dishonest; but he was destitute of the shuddering sense of shame so vividly pictured by Dante. The mental epidermis of M. de Lamartine seems as dense. He is, apparently, unable to discern the indecorum and incongruity of a man presenting piteous appeals for pecuniary

relief in order to preserve his ancestral estates. He resembles the mendicant mentioned by Smith the engraver, who was accustomed to pursue his vocation on horseback, and proclaimed, with a voice like the sound of a trumpet, that he could not eat cold veal. M. de Lamartine is stricken in years, and has done enough for literary fame. His political hands are clean, and he could, without derogating one iota from his republican dignity, accept a handsome annuity from the sovereign who, in this case, would only be the exponent of the unanimous wishes of the French people. There are plenty of precedents for such a condescension. Doctor Johnson had said some very hard things about Lord Bute; but he could afford to smile at those who twitted him with apostasy when he accepted three hundred a year from George III.

AN IRISH LANDLORD'S HOSPITALITY.

It is a common remark, that we never know what elements of greatness a man has in him till an occasion arises to call them forth. To outward appearance he is like other people, neither better nor worse, wiser nor less wise. He can say and do what the rest of us can, and that is all. But beneath this superficial mediocrity there lies the rich ore of an uncommon man, who will one day startle us so much that if his deeds were not before us we should refuse to believe them. We are just now in this predicament with regard to a nobleman of whom the world has heard nothing to make it anticipate a remarkable *coup* of any kind, and who yet has performed a feat which, for originality of conception and promptness of execution, may rank amongst the very few surprising events of the day. No one looking at Lord Leitrim would ever have imagined that there was so much in him. To the ordinary, nay even to the close observer, it would be difficult to pick out a more representative specimen of mediocrity. Yet by one flash of genius he has suddenly drawn the eyes of the world upon him, and made his name, for the moment, a household word wherever an English newspaper is read. He has taught her Majesty's Viceroy in Ireland that there are other powers active in the sister country besides those which are delegated from the Throne; and he has done this by an expedient so happy, so simple, yet so complete, that in contemplating it we feel that we are in the presence of a mind whose originality is of the highest order.

To explain this to our readers, it is necessary that we should go back, and state the cause of that unhappy difference between himself and Lord Carlisle which has compelled Lord Leitrim to prove to the Lord-Lieutenant that he is not a man to be trifled with. It appears that some time ago, in the town from which his lordship takes his title, some one had the audacity to shoot at him. The offence was grave, and if the offender had been a responsible person, he would have deserved the full penalty of his crime. When, however, the matter came to be investigated, it turned out that the unfortunate man was a lunatic; and instead of being put upon his trial for an attempt to murder, he was placed under confinement. Our readers will at once see that, however proper such a disposal of the case would have been, had the individual fired at been an ordinary person, it was a very inadequate measure in the case of so great a man as Lord Leitrim. Besides his rank as a nobleman, he was deputy-lieutenant of the county, and held the commission of the peace for the counties of Donegal, Leitrim, and Galway. That such a man should take his chance with others of being subject to the freaks of a madman was hard enough, but inevitable. But it was not inevitable that the madman should be treated as madmen always are; and the Lord-Lieutenant, in not straining the law out of complaisance to a brother nobleman, inflicted a wound upon Lord Leitrim's *amour propre* which nothing but a very signal act of vengeance could heal. How this was to be accomplished was a question which would have puzzled any one not gifted with extraordinary intellectual resources. The days of duelling, even in Ireland, are passed; and to blacken his face, lie in wait for the Viceroy behind a hedge, and treat him with a blank cartridge—just to try how he would like being fired at himself—would be a dangerous experiment. But when you cannot make occasion, the next best thing is to wait and watch for it, “nursing your wrath to keep it warm.” The occasion was not long in coming, and this was the way in which it came. In the early part of the present month Lord Carlisle attended the Ballinasloe fair; and took that opportunity of making a tour of inspection of the Western Highlands of Ireland before returning to Ballinasloe on his way back to Dublin. Now, Connemara is a wild country, with inns few and far between, at one of which, the inn at Maam, the Viceroy resolved to put up at night, little thinking that a long-meditated retribution was following in his track, and that he was rushing blindfold into the lion's den. The Maam inn is part of

Lord Leitrim's property. It lies upon the shores of Lough Corrib, on his lordship's estate, and is kept by one King, of course his lordship's tenant. No sooner did the high-minded nobleman learn that it was the Viceroy's intention to put up at the inn for the night, than he resolved that his Excellency should find no entertainment for man or beast there. He dashed off to Galway, penned the following note, and sent it off by express to the hotel keeper:—

“Galway, Oct. 6, 1863.

“KING,—I will be obliged to you to fill the hotel with my tenants forthwith. Let every room be occupied immediately, and continue to be occupied, and, when so occupied, you will refuse admittance to Lord Carlisle and his party. If there should be the slightest difficulty as to filling the hotel, or the occupation of the rooms, my desire is that you will fill each room with the workmen; but you must not admit Lord Carlisle, and consequently the rooms should be occupied previous to his coming there, any orders you may have received notwithstanding. I rely on your observing my wishes to the letter.

“Yours faithfully,

LEITRIM.

“P.S.—I will pay for the tenants using the rooms.”

On the shores of Lough Corrib, Lord Leitrim is a much greater magnate than the Lord-Lieutenant in Phoenix Park, and an order so imperative was of course obeyed. “King” did his duty. The rooms were filled as directed, and the *ruse* getting wind, a crowd assembled about the inn to enjoy the novel sensation of the Queen's representative being refused admission. It was a magnificent revenge. The next inn was several miles distant; his Excellency's jaded horses would be unequal to the task of reaching it; and, in addition to the sting of the insult, he would probably have to take shelter in a cabin, or draw up with his *suite*, like a party of gipsies, by the roadside, and pass the night in his carriage. But the best laid plans will sometimes fail of effect. Lord Leitrim had laid his plot well; he had deserved success, and it was not his fault if he did not obtain it. The report which drew the crowd together had also reached the police. Messengers were sent forward to warn the Viceroy of the hospitable reception the Deputy Lieutenant had prepared for him; and when the vice-regal party made their appearance they swept past the inn at Maam with royal unconsciousness of its existence. The biter was bit; the plotter fell into his own trap; and the grand revenge proved a *fiasco*. But not quite a *fiasco* either. Lord Leitrim has had to pay for his whistle: first, in compensating King; next, in the loss of his deputy-lieutenancy and the erasure of his name from the commission of the peace in three counties; lastly, in the contempt with which every man of common sense regards his stupid malevolence. Evidently there are more lunatics in Ireland than the man who fired at his lordship.

THE MANCHESTER CHURCH CONGRESS.

THIS Congress, so far a successful experiment, promises to inaugurate a hopeful era in the history of the Church. Novel in idea and unauthorized by antecedent experience, it is not easy, unless by the aid of some general principle, to speculate as to its probable usefulness and the influence it may have on the destinies of the Church. Viewed, however, in that light, few will fail to see in it one of the inevitable movements of the age—a necessary expansion of thought in the direction of religion—the first pulsations of that wave of inquiry which is about to beat against the Church, not, indeed, to shake the solid foundations on which it stands, but to purge it of excrescences and the parasitic growth of time. This Congress is called into existence not as the happy thought of some one original mind, but rather because it is the goal towards which all minds have been for some tending—a necessary step in the development of human thought. We have as a nation arrived at a pause in the agitation of political reforms; we are at peace with the world without; there is a consequent void which needs to be filled up; and the mind, therefore, naturally and irresistibly turns to religion and the condition of the Church. Hence the amount of attention latterly given in Parliament to Church questions, the animated discussions of them in the Press; and hence this Church Congress. It would be as reasonable to attempt to roll back the waters of the Amazon as to control or extinguish the appetite for open discussion, which, a quarter of a century ago, placed the Natural Sciences under the ægis of one association, the Social Sciences later under that of another, and has now brought Religion under a third. The principle of a Church Congress has thus become an accomplished fact. Its first essays may be over-cautious—timid—erratic; but the weakness of the child will grow into the strength of the man, and the horse will not be the less likely to come in winner of the race who economizes his strength at its commencement.

But the principle of this Congress is "free discussion." We all know what that freedom means. It is not the licence claimed by a Bismarck to insult his audience, or to speak irrespectively of the control of a chairman, or away from the question; but the privilege of stating temperately and candidly an opinion. Now we cannot but think that an unjustifiable attempt was made on Wednesday by Archdeacon Denison to deprive Canon Stowell of this right. The subject of the paper read by the latter was, "The Supply and Training of Ministers for the Church." Nothing was more palpably within the scope of a paper bearing this title than to point out the causes of the falling off in the supply of clergymen; and if subscription, as required by the Act of Uniformity, be a possible cause, Canon Stowell was justified in mentioning it, and making any reasonable comment upon it. Not so, however, thought Archdeacon Denison, who objected, on the plea of "time," to the further reading of the paper; in which he was supported by loud cries of "No!" and a strong manifestation of feeling against Canon Stowell. And though afterwards the Archdeacon explained that he objected "on the ground of time" only, his real motive in leading the opposition to an extension of time, which the President had it in his power and was quite willing to grant, was afterwards betrayed by his remark that he "did not like to hear the Prayer-book abused." There are many things, we are sure, which the Archdeacon does not like; but the likings of one cannot as a law bind the many, and be at the same time consistent with free discussion. But, we need not say, Canon Stowell had not abused the Prayer-book; he had merely commented on the Act of Uniformity. Justly, therefore, did he start up and repel the charge: "I never abused the Prayer-book. I never said a word to warrant any man in accusing me of abusing the Prayer-book. Shame! shame!" And then, as to the plea of "time," it is evident that there the Archdeacon's heart took the lead of his head; for, as the President said, "recollecting that a great extension of time was granted to one gentleman yesterday, it is only reasonable that a short allowance be given now."

This is an event much to be regretted in these proceedings—a fault to be avoided in future Congresses. We are fully aware of the difficulties of conducting debates on religious topics, and of the strong feelings and intense *odium theologicum* they excite in learned divines; but to overcome the one and to regulate the other, are assuredly chief ends to be aimed at in such gatherings of Churchmen. Not only may the programme of the Congress itself that "Churchmen of every shade of opinion should join in free discussion" be thus best carried out, but thus, as the Dean of Chichester's opening sermon taught, may truth and love go together, and "men be brought into contact and friendship whose opinions on doctrinal points may not be identical, though, when the spirit of love prevails, the differences are found more apparent than real."

Turning our attention away from this "cloud," which so unpropitiously passed over the unanimity and tranquillity of the proceedings, it is most assuring to find in all other respects such satisfactory results, so much information collected, so anxious a desire manifested to grapple with real difficulties, and so large an expression of liberal opinion. The dignified conduct and urbanity of manner of the Bishop of Manchester as President are worthy of all praise. His just appreciation of the difficulties of the position in which the Church is placed, and the sources from which relief to her must come, will long remain recorded in the words of his opening address, where he said, "When I was invited to preside over this assembly I at once accepted the proposition with thankfulness and alacrity, for I felt that the great desideratum was now in a fair way of being attained; that it was not merely in assemblies of the Legislature, and in assemblies of the antiquated representative bodies of the clergy, but in assemblies in which the laity should take a prominent part, that alone the safety and welfare of the Church could be considered." The sermon preached by the Dean of Chichester, composed with all the clearness and simplicity of a chaste classic style, opened up a wide field for reflection, and suggested some very advanced thoughts as to the Episcopal Bench. Speaking of Parliament—a mixed body consisting of individuals holding every form of belief and unbelief—legislating for the Church, he said—"But for Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics to decide what shall or what shall not be the articles of belief of a community of Christians, the absurdity of this must force itself upon the minds of honest men, even though themselves opposed to the Christian religion." And then, alluding to the suggestion that a synod of bishops, acting under the sanction and licence of the Crown, might supply such a government as is wanted, he declared that could be of but little value unless confidence were placed in the bishops by the clergy and laity. That confidence, in his opinion, they have not; and therefore "the clergy and laity of the

Church of England could hardly be expected to acquiesce in the decisions of men in whose appointment they have no share—not even a veto; and who, however much individual members may be revered, are, as a body, the representatives not of the Church, but of the Ministry; who are generally appointed, not from their efficiency to conduct the affairs of the Church, but with a view to their vote in the House of Lords." Another topic to which he also referred was the unfair position which the Ministers of the Crown occupy with respect to the Church in the appointment of bishops, and the sham of the *congé d'élire* for their election by the cathedral chapters, which he pronounces to be "now a lie."

These are encouraging signs coming from high functionaries in the Church, showing that, if bishops and deans be only taken away from the atmosphere of antiquated clerical assemblies, like Convocation, deficient in the spiritual ozone of life, and be brought into contact with laymen, they will think and reason like other mortals, free from the prejudices of their order. We never knew a bishop who could not say under such circumstances,—

"Why so; being gone, I am a man again!"

But equally hopeful are the proceedings of the minor clergy and the practical laity. The first question of interest discussed was Church Extension—an expression which denotes, in its largest acceptance, the enlargement of the usefulness of the Church. Various were the plans and means suggested; but they all came to this,—that Church extension did not mean "church building," but the supply of more teachers, preachers, and ministers to reach the homes of the people, more frequent and shorter services, no pew sittings, and all open churches. We can perfectly agree with these opinions. Let them only be carried out (which by the aid of the laity may be done), and a new era will dawn on religion and the Church.

Another subject which justly occupied the time of the Congress was "the supply and training of ministers for the Church," on which we have already remarked in reference to Archdeacon Denison's intolerant attempt to interfere with its free discussion. The Church is deeply indebted to Canon Stowell for having brought this question forward, and especially for having alluded to Subscription as one of the causes keeping young men out of the Church. It is a fact that college students, who know as well what is going on in the world as their seniors do, hesitate to bind themselves for life to a stereotyped set of opinions in a profession from which they cannot afterwards legally withdraw; but we doubt very much whether, in the present day, the 36th canon would be sufficient, as is maintained by Canon Stowell; for he will himself see at once that a man might agree with that canon that the Prayer-book "contains in it nothing contrary to the Word of God," and yet believe with Bishop Colenso that the Bible is a fable, and therefore the Prayer-book something not much better. At present the Act of Uniformity excludes such subscribers; the real question is, should the words "all and everything" in it be retained?

The debate on the Irish Church, we confess, has disappointed us. The line of argument adopted, and not supplemented even by Archdeacon Stopford, was, that she was a missionary Church, and, as such, had succeeded; this at least we collect from the debate. But we have already ourselves pointed out in our columns, in June last, the ground which the Irish Church might here confidently take. She has 2,000 clergy (in round numbers) for 700,000 Church people, which is a proportion of 20,000 clergy to 7,000,000 of people. Now, there are 20,000 clergy in England to 10,000,000 of Churchmen—a ratio, after all, little below that of Ireland; so that every Irish clergyman has six persons on an average to look after for every ten that an English clergyman has; and this inequality, trifling as it is, is balanced by each Irish parish on an average containing fourteen square miles against four square miles, the average size of an English parish. It is true there are Irish parishes with small minorities of Churchmen living in them, and that a re-distribution of parishes is necessary; but the same inequalities exist in England, as, for instance, five hundred parishes in each of which the total population, including dissenters, is less than one hundred people. As examples we select from the "Clergy List": Aldington, population 7, income £294; Little Hinton, population 29, income £444; Blaston, St. Giles, population 25, income £213; Carleton Forehoe, population 12, income £150; and many others might be mentioned.

Space will not allow us further at present to consider the proceedings of this Congress. Further observations we must defer to next week, in order to make room for which we shall be obliged, as this week, to suspend our articles on Church Reform.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[It must be understood that we do not adopt all the opinions of our correspondents.]

ABUSES IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Since your paper appropriated a part of its space weekly to the question of Church Reform, I have been at the pains of going carefully through the statistics of one diocese, and I now send you the result of the investigation.

I find in the diocese referred to the following facts:—

I. That about one-half of the parishes contain less than 1,000 souls;

II. That about one-sixth contain between 1,000 and 2,000 souls;

III. That about one-sixth contain between 2,000 and 4,000 souls;

IV. That the rest of the parishes contain more than 4,000 souls;

V. That the parishes referred to in I. and II. or III. and IV., being in rural districts with few exceptions, extend over from 3,000 to 15,000 or more acres, the number of acres generally varying from 3,000 to 6,000.

VI. That it is the rare exception in the rural parishes, whatever the number of the population or the extent of the area, or whatever the amount of the endowment, the incumbent being himself resident, and himself personally taking an active part in the spiritual and ecclesiastical duties of the clergyman's office, if an assistant pastor is provided for the flock;

VII. That it is the rare exception in the rural parishes, if the incumbent gives the adult people any opportunity of public worship, or of religious instruction or guidance, except the usual morning and afternoon service on the Sunday; or if he visits any of them during the week, unless they are his social equals or superiors, except when he is sent for in a case of sickness;

VIII. That in the rural parishes, on the average, the baptisms are only about 1.5 per cent.; whereas they ought to be at least 3 per cent. of the population, allowing a large margin for the children of parents who have sufficient education to offer an intelligent objection to infant baptism;

IX. That the bishop of the diocese does not take any steps for the correction of these abuses, whether in his own person or by his archdeacons;

X. That at least one of the archdeacons is a man who himself ought to be kept up to the collar;

XI. That very few, indeed, of the parishes of the diocese, except the largest and oldest in the largest towns, are ever visited by the bishop, and that the most favoured only saw his lordship about once a year, when he was in the prime of life;

XII. That the annual visitation of the archdeacons and the triennial visitation of the bishop, is without any apparent result, and that most parishes regard it as a useless expenditure of their churchwardens' time and of the rate-payers' money;

XIII. That the presentments to the bishop and the archdeacons are an empty form;

XIV. That it is a rare exception if a rural church is in really good order, dry, clean, well-aired, and seemly in its appointments; but it is equally a rare exception if the hall of the squire or the house of the rector is not thoroughly comfortable and well cared for, not to say luxurious in furniture and other products of industry and art, and cultivated taste;

XV. That only a small percentage of the rural incumbents, about twenty per cent., have sufficient confidence in themselves or their parishioners to propose to them a collection for the furtherance either of the home or the foreign missions of the Church;

XVI. That when the bishop held his last visitation, and when the archdeacons held their visitations, there were celebrations of the Holy Communion, wherever the court sat, but that so few of the churchwardens remained at the service after the prayer for the Church Militant, that it seemed as if the rural clergy, as a body, have next to no communicants in their parishes, except in their own families and among the ladies of the hall;

XVII. That, whenever applications are made for and towards extending the Lord's kingdom, or for maintaining it in poor localities, the rural clergy holding the larger endowments are among the most backward in contributing;

XVIII. But that they and their families are not the less ready to contribute to the archery-club, to promote dinner-parties and county balls, and to join the rich and the aristocratic in their literary and art-clubs, and their lighter but extensive amusements; there are striking exceptions, thank God; I refer to the general rule;

XIX. That, whereas the lawyers, and the surgeons and physicians, and other professional men of any given rural district, rarely find time for any social gathering until the evening, and that even only occasionally, yet the rural clergy seem to have time to accept every invitation, and to be present at every kind of entertainment, morning, noon, and night, except when engaged in tilling their own glebe, or when acting as magistrates, or when occupied with pupils, or devoted to literature;

XX. That, in nine cases out of ten, when a rural rector or vicar does provide a curate, he pays him at the most £100 a year, although the endowment may be £1,000 a year, and although he expects him to do almost all the work, and not unfrequently to find a substitute should he be absent for a holiday;

XXI. That the great hindrance to the subdivision of parishes is the unwillingness of the incumbents—especially if the endowment is a large one—to part with any of their fees or other source of income, or with any of the secular accidents of their spiritual office.

These facts need no comment. They are probably true for other dioceses, as they are for this one.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

AN ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

THE DEBATE ON CLERICAL SUBSCRIPTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—When you have got nothing to say, the next best thing is to say nothing. The least said is soonest amended. Upon this wise axiom our excellent Primate acted in rising after Lord Ebury on the 19th of May last. Had a Sheldon or a Morley been archbishop at the moment, they would doubtless have deemed it their duty, and possibly have been only too delighted, to defend the obnoxious clause in the Act of 1662. Dr. Longley is too discreet, not to say too benevolent, a man to attempt anything so foolish. So he simply evaded the difficulty by assuming that Lord Ebury aimed at doing away with all Subscription—an assumption, which, however little justified by the premises, has had the effect of raising a feeling of alarm in a few timid minds which it will take some time and reflection to allay. Meanwhile it is comforting to see that the Archbishop considers the declaration might be simplified. Is it too much to hope that the form submitted in my last may commend itself to the approval of so good and liberal a Churchman as his Grace?

The Archbishop's expressed views on the Burial Service class him as no finality man; but of that hereafter. I would at present confine myself to the Subscription question; though I must honestly say, with the Bishop of Cashel, that I think we are beginning at the wrong end; but that is not our fault.

The Archbishop is doubtless perfectly justified in stating that the defalcation of candidates for orders is due to other causes besides the one under discussion; but he does not venture to deny that the stringency of Subscription is one cause amongst many. And surely, in such a case, when competition is daily drafting off talent into other channels, it is hardly wise to retain any, even the least, unnecessary barrier to young men entering the profession of holy orders. It is bad enough that we can only offer £100 or £150 per annum, where railways and the colonies can offer their £300 or £500, for an equal, or even a less, amount of hard service. Don't let us clog our pauper candidate with a strain upon his conscience in addition to that upon his purse.

As to the defalcation having only been noticed of late, it must be borne in mind that the existing agitation has only been rife for the last six or seven years, a period exactly corresponding with the deficiency complained of, and which is certainly not likely to be on the decrease for years to come. His Grace manfully discards the argument drawn by many from "the present time;" an argument to which Secker weakly yielded in 1762, and which, if permitted to prevail now, might well serve successive Primates, in successive epochs of a century each, till time itself shall be no more. If the change, or any change, be in itself desirable, Archbishop Longley sees no reason for not carrying it out at once. Under such a faint show of resistance, the Archbishop's momentary opposition to the Bill of last session can be looked upon in no other light than as a ruse to gain a little breathing time, with a view to gently bringing some of his episcopal brethren to an acquiescence in that which sooner or later has now become inevitable.

The Bishop of London followed.

Dr. Tait's views on the matter of Subscription are so well known that fewer words will suffice to remark upon his speech in May last than would otherwise have been required. He had arrived at the conclusion that the declaration was "not only unnecessary but mischievous." The force of language can no further go. It was idle to say that the words meant only an affirmation to use the Liturgy. If so, why not say so at once? The Bishop is doubtless aware that such an interpretation was attempted to be put upon the objectionable clause in 1663, but rejected. Sensible men saw then, as they see now, and will see to the end of time, that to "assent and consent to all and everything" is one thing, "to consent to use" quite another. The same remark applies to the interpretation offered to be put upon the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed by the Commissioners of 1689. It is one thing to affirm that certain persons shall, "without doubt, perish everlastingly," and another thing to explain away the force of the anathema by putting such a strain upon the form of words as the plain laws of language utterly repudiate.

So long as words have any meaning at all, so long will the most obvious sense be that adopted by the generality of reader; and no amount of Jesuitical casuistry will persuade them to accept of any other.

Hence, before a clerk in orders can honestly give his "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything" contained in the Prayer-book, it follows that he ought to be satisfied that all and everything is deserving of such assent,—a condition which we hold it to be morally impossible should be fulfilled at the age such declaration is usually required.

It is no argument to say that an immense amount of authority can be produced in favour of every proposition contained in that book, and that thousands of learned, pious, and thoughtful persons have so accepted it. The obvious reply, *per contra*, is, cannot a vast amount of authority be alleged on the other side; and have not thousands of learned, pious, and thoughtful men stood aloof from this test; and are not the numerous congregations of Nonconformists a standing proof that thousands to this hour do stand aloof from it? The words were notoriously introduced, in the first instance, to compel to Nonconformity; and they have answered their purpose in an increasing geometrical ratio, for now two hundred years.

The simple question is, do we mean this state of things to last for ever, or do we not? If we do not, the sooner a stop is put to it the better for all parties, but especially for the Church.

The Bishop of London pointed out how a clergyman might even become a bishop or an archbishop without ever making this particular declaration. I hold this argument to be conclusive for its immediate abolition. Who ever heard of a magistrate enforcing a law he is not himself called upon to obey? Suppose Mr. Gladstone levying a tax upon the whole community save and except the family of Gladstone, and we have just a parallel case to a bishop imposing this test upon a candidate for institution, never having taken it or been liable to it himself. Surely this argument, if no other, must recommend itself to

such of the prelates as happen to have arrived *per saltum* at their exalted rank, not having previously occupied the position of one of the beneficed clergy.

Secker, Leighton, Burnet, Tillotson, are all known to have condemned this clause. Can anyone produce a list of equal weight from the ranks of those who have approved it? To say that silence gives consent, is not tenable in this instance. The voice of one prelate expressing his dissatisfaction in a case of this delicate nature, should outweigh the authority of a hundred who prefer to be silent on the subject. I ask for a list of those who have deliberately upheld and defended the use of this assenting clause, as against those who have fearlessly denounced it.

The Bishop of London concluded by expressing his conviction that if the Church of England is to live in the affections of the people, and hold its due place in Christendom, it should be distinguished by a spirit of comprehensive love, making it a national Church, and securing the esteem of those who are separated from it.

It may be that no great body of Nonconformists would be suddenly incorporated within the pale of the Church by any alteration that could be made. There are often other causes, besides matters of faith and opinion, at work, to create secession from, and hostility to, the Establishment.

But our present concern with this measure is as an act of bare justice to ourselves, and of common prudence as a matter of self-preservation. In this view, the longer it is looked at the greater is my confidence it will commend itself to all sensible and dispassionate persons; indeed, at this moment I am not aware that any very strenuous efforts are being made, or contemplated, in defence of the clause, though ninety peers were found, in the heat of the moment, to vote silently for Lord Ebury's bill being read that day six months.

I am, yours, &c.,

INGOLDSBY.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.*

It will be seen that the second volume of the Cambridge Shakespeare makes its appearance under somewhat different auspices from the first. Mr. Clark, we are happy to say, still continues his editorial services, but Mr. Glover's removal from Cambridge has compelled him to relinquish his share of the work. We have reason, however, to congratulate ourselves that

"Uno avulso, non deficit alter
Aureus;"

for the vacancy is filled by no less competent a successor than Mr. Aldis Wright, the librarian of Trinity College. To those who feel an interest in the purity of Shakespeare's text, who desire to ascertain as nearly as is now possible the very words which Shakespeare himself wrote, it cannot be repeated too often that the present edition will, for all practical purposes, suffice as a text-book for all other editions, though it neither supersedes, nor professes to supersede, any one of them. There is no need that we should again unfold the plan pursued, and the rules observed with regard to it. It will be remembered that the method is analogous to that which has already secured for us far more satisfactory texts of many of the ancient classic authors than existed a hundred years ago. Only in this case the earlier printed editions occupy the place assigned to manuscripts in the other, and appear to have been examined and every single variation recorded with all the laborious accuracy which one expects to find in a German edition of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*, but with which the English general reader is certainly not as yet familiar. That the work has been well done is almost guaranteed by the names of the doers; neither would it become an ordinary critic to pretend to sit in judgment upon their performance. It is a work of which long-continued experience can alone decide the ultimate value. It might, perhaps, be supposed that the minute labour necessary for carrying it out would fall more naturally under the function of inferior men; but we believe there is scarcely an instance in which the mere hack or pedant has been found to perform even the most mechanical work in literature so well as the accomplished and reflective scholar. It is well known, for instance, that none but a judicious student is capable of constructing a really satisfactory index to any good history or philosophical treatise. And in this case the difficulty is far greater. When, therefore, we see thoroughly able men subjecting themselves to a labour which must of necessity contribute but little to their own personal aggrandisement in literary reputation, but which none are so well qualified to perform as themselves, we cannot but endeavour to direct attention to a fact which ought of itself to predispose the public in favour of their enterprise.

Neither should we forget, independently of this, the peculiar advantages enjoyed by the editors in continual access to the Shakespearian treasures of Trinity College library. These are so great as at once to enable them to distance in competition any other editors, however personally competent, to whom the same stores of learning and research might not be available. For our own part, we can but recommend our readers to add this book to their libraries without hesitation. In the Cambridge Shakespeare one may reap all the riches acquired by the book-collector, and avail oneself of their possession in a far more accessible form.

* The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by William George Clark, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, and Public Orator in the University of Cambridge, and William Aldis Wright, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. II. Macmillan. 1863.

In our review of the first volume of the Cambridge Shakespeare we ventured to predict that the work would become known and appreciated in Germany. That such is the case we have one pleasing proof in the following occurrence, the account of which we transcribe in the language of the editors:—

"One act of kindness deserves an especial record. Dr. Leo, of Berlin, who had himself prepared an edition of 'Coriolanus,' was meditating a complete edition of Shakespeare on the plan we have adopted, but gave up the scheme when he found we had anticipated him. Reading in the preface to our first volume an expression of regret that there was no index to Mr. Sidney Walker's 'Shakespeare Criticisms,' Dr. Leo copied out and sent us an index which he had made for his own use. It has been of the greatest service to us, and we here beg to thank him most cordially for his generous aid."

Here is an example of the true courtesies of literature. Acknowledgements of valuable help received are also made to Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Howard Staunton, Mr. H. J. Roby, and Professor Craik, whose services to the study of English literature are scarcely second to those of any living man.

The volume now before us, and which is the second of the series, contains the following five plays, printed in the order in which they occur in the folios:—"Much Ado about Nothing," "Love's Labour's Lost," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It." Prefixed to the volume is a short and concise account of the folio and quarto editions. Throughout the book the careful manner in which the sheets must have been proved and revised exceeds all praise. The final examination of the whole 460 pages seems to have resulted in the discovery of only two unimportant various readings that had previously been omitted. To give some idea of the scrupulous accuracy with which the several texts have been collated, we may mention that even the palpable misprints of the earlier copies are carefully recorded. For example, when in the second scene of the "Merchant of Venice," Shylock says: "Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound," the second folio reads, "for three mouths." The variation is thus concisely noted: *Mouths. F.* We have abundant opportunity, also, for observing how very lax was the fashion of spelling in the time of Shakespeare. It seems to have been considered a clause in the charter of every Englishman that he should be allowed to use the King's or the Queen's English just as he liked in the matter of orthography. We find the word "compromised," for instance, spelt "*compremyzd, comprimyzd, compremizd, comprimizd*," and it is often amusing to note the ingenuity with which every form but the one now received as correct is hit upon. All conjectures, moreover, of any importance that have been made by previous editors are faithfully given. The whole work is a triumph of conscientious labour, with scarcely even a clerical error.

It is perhaps, however, not out of place to suggest that the order of Notes iii., iv., and v. to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is not quite regular. The order v., iii., iv. would be more accurate.

As a specimen of the care with which the relative claims of different copies to precedence on the score of age or excellence have been weighed, it is worth while to quote the following remarks upon the two quarto editions of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," both published in the year 1600,—the one by Thomas Fisher, of Fleet-street, the other by James Roberts:—

"On comparing these two quartos, we find that they correspond page for page, though not line for line, except in the first five pages of sheet G. The printer's errors in Fisher's edition are corrected in that issued by Roberts; and from this circumstance, coupled with the facts that in the Roberts quarto the 'exits' are more frequently marked, and that it was not entered at Stationers' Hall, as Fisher's edition was, we infer that the Roberts quarto was a pirated reprint of Fisher's, probably for the use of the players. This may account for its having been followed by the first folio. Fisher's edition, though carelessly printed, contains on the whole the best readings, and may have been taken from the author's manuscript."

We would direct the attention of our readers to the enlightened diligence implied by so significant an analysis, and to the terse and scholarlike clearness with which the result is given. To any but an expert an examination of the two books would probably have revealed absolutely nothing. There is an instance of still superior acuteness in the brief discussion by the editors concerning the respective claims to priority of the two quarto editions of the "Merchant of Venice," also published in 1600; but as the question, though sufficiently determined, is in a critical point of view of little or no consequence, we content ourselves with a mere allusion to it.

Here it may not be out of place to say one word respecting a controversy now proceeding in the *Times* between the author of a Shakespearian review, which has lately appeared in the columns of that paper, and Mr. Clark. The editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare had been undervalued, certainly in very good company, by the *Times* reviewer, who objects to some slight orthographical peculiarities, and to a crudeness of metrical theory, on their part. Now, in the particular example of the former kind, on which the dispute has been chiefly made to turn, but which it is hardly worth while to bring forward here, our own feeling of what is in the best taste coincides with that of the reviewer, whose article is throughout clever, vigorous, and full of common sense. But it is fair to admit, though the reviewer in a further communication seems blind to the fact, that Mr. Clark has defended himself with success against the charge of caprice, and that the principle adopted by the editors is quite intelligible in itself, though we wish that on the point in question, as well as

on one or two others, they had decided differently. With regard to Shakespeare's versification, the problem has never yet, perhaps, been satisfactorily solved in all its parts, and the Cambridge editors are, as we think, fairly assailable in one or two of their statements, as we attempted to prove cursorily in our notice of the first volume. But we doubt whether the *Times* reviewer is much nearer the mark than they, and his observations are likely to be met by a rejoinder from Mr. Clark before this meets the eyes of our readers. Still, however this may be, we think it right to protest against the tone in which the reviewer has accepted Mr. Clark's explanation, which was tendered in the most courteous terms. Mr. Clark, we are told, "winces under the touch of criticism," is "the naughty child who will not take his medicine quietly," "is deep in the mist, and has no notion of the subject,"—and, to crown all, the reviewer winds up his remarks with the following choice sentence: "After such a pretty display of knowledge and judgment, I may advise him to stick to his collation and his index-making, and not to meddle with matters which he does not understand." This mode of addressing a thoroughly accomplished scholar, if it be not simply puerile and absurd, can only merit the gravest reprehension. In a work like the Cambridge Shakespeare no one ought to expect to see his own opinions, or it may be crotchets, continually reflected; and we still adhere to the conviction that, even among competent men, nine out of ten would have exhibited less moderation, to say nothing of industry, than the present editors.

In connection with the subject of this notice, we may call the attention of our readers to a prospectus we have received of an edition of Shakespeare, especially adapted for reference.* It has been prepared by Mr. J. B. Marsh, the author of "Sayings from Shakespeare," and is to be published by Mr. Heywood, of Manchester. The general plan is to be that of marginal references, such as are to be now met with in so many editions of the Bible. By the method, however, indicated in the following sentences, any inconvenient overcrowding of the margin will be sufficiently obviated:—

"The first passage on any subject will have a marginal reference to the second; the second will refer to the first and third; and so on, until the last is reached, which will refer to the preceding one; thus no single passage will have more than two references. The advantages of this plan are at once apparent; in whatever play an interesting passage or any subject is found, the reader can at once refer to and read every previous and every following passage. The reader can work his way with equal facility from the beginning to the end, or from the end to the beginning, or from any point to the first or last passage, as it may please him."

If we may judge from a specimen page, the mechanical part of the work is likely to be thoroughly well executed. Concerning the utility of the edition, supposing its promise to be fulfilled, it is scarcely necessary to multiply words. Probably there is no attentive student of Shakespeare who does not often feel the want which Mr. Marsh has endeavoured to supply; and as the book is to be placed in the hands of subscribers for the low sum of fifteen shillings, while we are assured that it has cost the editor several years of patient and untiring labour, we cannot but express a hope that so laudable an undertaking may meet with something like an adequate response from the public. Mr. Heywood proposes to publish the work as a memorial volume of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth; and we cannot but think that this is a better way of commemorating our great dramatist than the exploit of digging up and exposing to view, even in order to preserve, the foundations upon which his house rested at Stratford.

OUR OLD HOME.†

We acknowledge that our first feeling on opening Mr. Hawthorne's new work was one of disappointment. We had expected another of those weird and strangely powerful stories which the author of "Transformation" alone can write, and we found instead a series of recollections of English scenery and English life. The discovery was an unpleasant surprise, and we felt it difficult all at once to give a hearty welcome to our old friend with his new face. Nor is the change more agreeable to him than to us. Such a book as we had hoped to read, he had hoped to write. In the dedicatory epistle to ex-President Pearce, he tells us that these sketches were intended originally for the side scenes and background of a work of fiction, the plan of which, though already imperfectly developed in the author's mind, will now never be accomplished. "The Present, the Immediate, the Actual, has proved too potent for me. It takes away not only my scanty faculty, but even the desire for imaginative composition, and leaves me sadly content to scatter a thousand peaceful fantasies upon the hurricane that is sweeping us all along with it, possibly into a limbo where our nation and its polity may be as literally the fragments of a shattered dream as my unwritten romance." While the war lasts, therefore, the Hawthorne bough will yield no more fruit of the old flavour. We must be thankful that it has not become altogether barren, and that we

can still pluck from it anything so rich and rare as "Our Old Home."

There is, of course, much to be learnt from so keen an observer of our country and its institutions as Mr. Hawthorne; but we wish the singular ill-temper that pervades all his criticisms had been absent. It is not easy to explain the origin of the little acrimonies that disfigure almost every page. They are certainly no more than skin deep, for the writer gives abundant evidence that at heart he feels kindly to England and Englishmen. "I was often conscious of a fervent hereditary attachment to the native soil of our forefathers, and felt it to be our own old home." "After all these bloody wars and vindictive animosities, we have still an unspeakable yearning towards England." "I seldom came into personal relations with an Englishman without beginning to like him, and feeling my favourable impression wax stronger with the progress of the acquaintance. I never stood in an English crowd without feeling conscious of hereditary sympathies." These, and a dozen similar paragraphs, prove that the roughness of which we have to complain is only accidental. Perhaps the key to it may be found in the manner in which the materials for these sketches were collected. They comprise "a few of the more external, and, therefore, more readily manageable things that I took note of in many escapes from the imprisonment of my consular servitude." No doubt the position of American Consul at Liverpool—"our Consul," as some of his Yankee friends used to delight to call him, impressing him, as he quaintly says, with an odd idea of having somehow lost the property in his own person—was wholly unsuited and very distasteful to a quiet and taciturn literary man. He was certainly the wrong man for the place, and no one knew it better than himself. In the "Consular Experiences," with which the "Old Home" opens, he candidly confesses how miserable he felt. "I disliked the office from the first. . . . There was nothing pleasant about the whole affair but the emoluments." The "ponderous necessity of being universally civil and sociable" bored him. Even his dignity became a source of annoyance, for it brought him invitations to public dinners and celebrations of all kinds where, to his horror, he found himself expected to stand up and make speeches. He has recorded some of these sad experiences when he had "to rend away and fling off the habit of a lifetime" in the chapter on "Civic Banquets," which overflows with a quiet humour impossible to represent by quotation. Altogether the restraints of official existence were irksome to him, and he seems to have indemnified himself for the enforced observance of its solemn courtesies by hitting all round him during his brief intervals of liberty with refreshing impartiality. We will assume this to be the explanation of an asperity of tone as unnatural to him as his life in the dingy little apartments of his consulate. He seems to feel that he was not himself until he was out of office. "I could scarcely believe that it was I—that figure whom they call a consul—but a sort of Double Ganger, who had been permitted to assume my aspect, under which he went through his shadowy duties with a tolerable show of efficiency, while my real self had lain, as regarded my proper mode of being and acting, in a state of suspended animation." When the reader meets, again and again, as he turns the leaves, with passages marred by petulance and even coarseness, he, too, will feel that "the real self" of his old favourite must have been lying dormant when they were written. A hundred delicate touches prove that the hand is the hand of Hawthorne, but in the harsh and often unfair judgments he pronounces we can discern the remains of the irritability of "that figure whom they call a consul."

We cannot help feeling it a sort of consolation as we stand in Mr. Hawthorne's literary pillory, that we have our American cousins for companions. In the preface, a hope is expressed that Yankees are growing less susceptible than formerly. We trust that the hope is well founded, for they will be keenly tried by "their Consul," whose vigorous sarcasms spare neither friend nor foe. What will the Yankee traveller, who always likes to be taken for an Englishman, say when he learns that he assumes "an extra peculiarity from a sense of defiant patriotism," and that "his tones, sentiments, and behaviour, even his figure and cast of countenance, all seemed chiselled in sharper angles than ever I had imagined them to be at home?" How will Mr. Lincoln and his friends like the sign with which bygone days are recalled—"for God had not denied us an administration of statesmen then;" or the regret that American enterprise had not provided a tunnel, similar to that beneath the Thames, under the Hudson or the Potomac, "for the convenience of our national Government in days hardly yet gone by," where it would be delightful to "clap up all the enemies of our peace and Union in the dark together?" Is not the writer afraid of being himself "clapped up" in Fort Lafayette for such treasonable talk? Nor will the Yankee ladies be better pleased than travellers and statesmen. They will no doubt appreciate the hard measure dealt out to their Saxon rivals. They will laugh over the ludicrous but exaggerated portrait of the British dowager of fifty with her "awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow," and will agree that "with her bare brawny arms and all the corresponding development" she is "a spectacle to howl at," "an overblown cabbage-rose," "an outrageously developed peony," and anything else Mr. Hawthorne likes to call her. But how will they like to hear almost in the same breath that they are "haggard," and, if he may dare to confess it, distinguished by a "certain meagreness (Heaven forbid that I should call it scrawniness!), a deficiency of physical development, a scantiness, so to speak, in the pattern

* Prospectus of a Memorial Edition of Shakespeare, to be called the Reference Shakespeare. To be published by Subscription.

† Our Old Home. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

their material make, a paleness of complexion, a thinness of voice?" His younger countrywomen, too, though they may feel a little pardonable feminine satisfaction as they read of the "coarse-grained cabbage-rosy cheeks," and the milkmaid beauty, of an English maiden, will hardly be so pleased to find that she possesses "a certain charm of half-blossom and delicately-folded leaves, and tender womanhood shielded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls often fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment." We can forgive much to the writer of these charming lines. It would be impossible to improve on the picture they give of the witchery of virgin purity. But will he be able to make such an easy peace with transatlantic beauties? They will scarcely be satisfied with the stereotyped compliment that they are "angels," especially if "scrawniness" is one of the attributes of the angelic nature. They ought not, however, to be too hard on the creator of Hilda and of Phoebe Pyncheon.

Although, as we have shown, Mr. Hawthorne is not very just to English people, he is just and even enthusiastic when he speaks of the old country itself. It affords unmixed pleasure to roam, for example, through Warwickshire or sail up the Thames with a companion whose freshness and genius give new interest to the most familiar objects. We can rejoice while wandering with him through venerable cathedrals or stately castles, that "America exists, if it were only that her vagrant children may be impressed or affected by the historical monuments of England in a degree of which the native inhabitants are evidently incapable. . . . These matters are too familiar, too real, too hopelessly built in amongst, and mixed up with, the common objects and affairs of life to be easily susceptible of imaginative colouring in their minds, and even their poets and romancers feel it a toil and almost a delusion to extract poetic material out of what seems embodied poetry to an American." Nor is this indifference peculiar to England. Miserable little shops cling round the bases of half the most splendid cathedrals in Europe. Like the steps of shrines, the pavements of historic churches and cities are chiefly worn by the feet of strangers. No one thinks of making a pilgrimage to the altar of a home-bred saint. Even at Stratford-on-Avon, where, if anywhere, Englishmen might be expected to worship, two-thirds of the visitors are Americans. Mr. Hawthorne, of course, visited Shakespeare's house, but he does not seem to have profited by the sight. Perhaps, after all, it is best to stay away and gaze on the poet's genius from a reverential distance.

"The Shakespeare whom I met there took various guises, but had not his laurel on. He was successively the roguish boy, the youthful deer stealer, the comrade of players, the too familiar friend of Davenant's mother, the careful, thrifty, thriven man of property who came back from London to lend money on bond, and occupy the best house in Stratford, the mellow, red-nosed autumnal boon companion of John a' Combe, and finally (or else the Stratford gossips belied him) the victim of convivial habits who met his death by tumbling into a ditch on his way home from a drinking bout, and left his second best bed to his poor wife. I feel, as sensibly as the reader can, the horrible impiety it is to remember these things, be they true or false. In either case they ought to vanish out of sight on the distant ocean-line of the past, leaving a pure white memory, even as a sail, though, perhaps, darkened by many stains, looks snowy white on the far horizon. But I draw a moral from these unworthy reminiscences and this embodiment of the poet, as suggested by some of the grimy actualities of his life. It is for the high interests of the world not to insist upon finding out that its greatest men are, in a certain lower sense, very much the same kind of men as the rest of us, and often a little worse; because a common mind cannot properly digest such a discovery, nor ever know the true proportion of the great man's good and evil, nor how small a part of him it was that touched our muddy and dusty earth."

Yet, in spite of the danger of disenchantment indicated here, the writer, with the true spirit of a hero-worshipper, was attracted to many more of the famous places hallowed by the memory of great men. He did homage to Nelson at Greenwich and to Marlborough at Blenheim. He went to Lichfield for the sake of Johnson, and thence to Uttoxeter to stand, if possible, on the very spot in the market-place where the aged philosopher did penance for an act of disobedience to his father committed fifty years before. To his disgust he could find no one in the place who knew or cared for the touching story. He took a long journey expressly to wander through the haunts of Burns. Nor did he forget, for old acquaintance's sake, to visit Lincolnshire Boston, and "exult lustily," and with a pardonable pride, as he contrasted the sluggish old English town with the bustle and activity of the daughter city in New England.

We must congratulate Mr. Hawthorne, before we part from him, on one peculiarity by which he is most honourably distinguished from many recent travellers, both English and American. Although during his residence here, owing partly to his official position but still more to his eminence as a man of letters, he mixed much with celebrated men, there is not a single personal allusion from the first page of his book to the last. He assumes no liberties with the living, and hence we have to regret none of those breaches of good feeling and good taste which disfigure such works as Mr. Willis's "Famous Men and Famous Places," or Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories." We hope that Mr. Hawthorne's good example may be followed for the future both by English writers on America and American writers on England, and that they will cease seasoning their pages with those pen and ink portraits of their hosts, the drawing of which, for the public amusement, is one of the very worst forms of social impertinence.

FAUST IN ITALIAN.*

WE reckon some twenty-two English translations of the great psychological drama of Germany. There are several, but we know not how many, in French. It was time also for the language of Italy to possess a competent version of this wonderful poem. Such a work as "Faust" belongs to all Europe, or rather to the whole of Christendom, as being one of the masterpieces of modern literature, and one of the intellectual landmarks of this age. For Goethe still rules, in some degree, the ideas and sentiments of a highly cultivated class all over the world. His influence, probably, has done much to recommend, even in our own days, that mild and tolerant scepticism—or as we might call it, Conservative Liberalism—with which the old creeds and institutions are now regarded by a large part of this generation, instead of with the bitter antagonism of the Revolutionary period. Yet Goethe was not a mere Epicurean, but, in his way, an earnest and devout Idealist,—a believer in divine and spiritual things; a worshipper of the eternally true, beautiful, and good. In his mind, the love of order, fitness, grace, and harmony, was a religious sentiment. This is the key to whatever is highest or noblest in the character and writings of Goethe. Whether he is to be ranked as a Christian or a Heathen poet, must of course depend upon our notions of what Christianity implies. That there is a vein of natural piety, as well as one of genuine benevolence and philanthropy, throughout his works, every unprejudiced reader will acknowledge. In this grand lyrical drama of Faust—for such it is, with the dialogue ever and anon breaking out into strains of melodious song—he has chosen to take a legend of the sixteenth century of Catholic Christendom, founded on popular and ecclesiastical tradition, which he has adapted to poetical uses, and has made the vehicle of his own profound thoughts concerning the true happiness, the duty and the future destiny of man. We may perhaps say that it is the *Divina Commedia* of the nineteenth century; for it is, like the immortal work of the Florentine, an effort of the richest knowledge and experience, the maturest reflection, and the mightiest creative imagination, to embody in a poetic form the sum of what seemed to the author to be most vital in the intellectual and moral history of mankind.

The mention of Dante, a "world-poet" like Goethe himself (Homer, Shakespeare, and perhaps Milton, being the others of equal universality), brings us back to the translation of Faust by a countryman of Dante's, whose expressive and harmonious language is now, for the first time, so applied. The Marquis Anselmo Guerrieri-Gonzaga, an accomplished citizen of Mantua, has, amidst his patriotic services in the parliament of Italy, found leisure to perform the task. To those who are familiar with the circumstances of the Italian revolutions in 1848 and again in 1859, his name will probably recur as that of a member of the Provisional Government of Lombardy, who was charged with a special diplomatic mission to Paris, in the former year. He then became a political refugee, living in France, at Nice, or at Florence, during the interval; but in 1860, he was Prefect of Piacenza under the brief dictatorship of Farini, in which capacity he showed much administrative talent. Signor Guerrieri, in whose family, it would seem, poetical taste is an hereditary endowment, his mother and his sister having given proof of this faculty—was educated, we believe, at the University of Padua, under the famous sacred orator Barbieri, a Benedictine monk. But it appears from his dedication that it is a German lady named Sophie Hohenemser who has led him to study and turn into his native language the greatest work of the greatest German poet. We have taken some pains to compare the Italian with the German, and we feel justified in commending the skill with which the translator has converted the one into the other. He certainly understands the meaning of Goethe, and endeavours faithfully to express it. He does not convey the *whole* meaning, but what he says is said clearly, forcibly, and even elegantly, which is as much as we can expect. It would, we suppose, be quite impossible, with two languages differing so radically both in their etymology and grammar, to reproduce anything like the metrical structure or the rhythmic cadences of the original poem. The generality of Italian words having no accent on their final syllable, and there being very few monosyllabic words in the language, double rhymes are necessarily the rule; whereas it is the great beauty of German verse, that with the abundance both of monosyllables, and of words having their penultimate syllable accented, there is a pleasing alternation of single and double rhymes. Again, the German language is rich in diphthongs, which make a far greater variety of vowel sounds than the Italian can boast; and the formation of picturesque and significant compound words, in which German is superior even to Greek, while it dispenses with a great number of prepositions and of other particles, helps to bring the sentence more rapidly and energetically to a close. It is a mere truism to say that the Italian is a very musical language; and its *prose* must always be more euphonious than German *prose*; but we venture to affirm that German, in the hands of a consummate artist, like Goethe, is capable of a degree of melody in versification which not even Petrarch and Tasso have surpassed. A charming example of this we find in that passage of Faust's opening soliloquy, describing his feelings when he has perused the mystic sign of the universe in his cabalistic book:—

"War es ein Gott, der diese Zeichen schrieb,
Die mir das inn're Toben stillen,

* *Fausto*: tragedia di Volfrango Goethe; tradotta da Anselmo Guerrieri. Milan.

Das arme Herz mit Freude füllen,
Und mit geheimnissvollem Trieb,
Die Kräfte der Natur rings um mich her enthüllen?"

The Italian translator, we observe, has not even attempted to render the exquisitely agreeable swelling cadence of the last line, or the sweet suspense of the rhyme which precedes it:—

"Scrisse un Dio questi segni che nell'alma
Mi piovon la calma,
E mi fan pieno
D'alta letizia il seno?"

Here we regret to miss, not only the peculiar melody, but the best part of the thought, and that sentiment of mingled tenderness and awe which is to be found in the German. But it would be unfair to Signor Guerrieri if we quoted only this passage, in which he has been least successful. We find the instrument at his command is not perfectly adapted to his purpose. He cannot, it seems, give us an equivalent for such compounds as *Lebensregung* or *Morgenroth*, without paraphrasing them by "ogni senso, ogni moto ed ogni affetto," in the one case, or "i rossi effluvi della bella Aurora," in the other. He can do nothing with bold combinations like *Wissensqualm* and *Werdelust*; the latter being scarcely translatable out of German. Yet Signor Guerrieri has done very fairly what the Italian language enabled him to do. If he is weak in substantives, he displays much imaginative power, which sometimes rather enhances the original conception; as, for instance:—

"Io che allo specchio dell'Eterno Vero
Immagine di Dio credeami presso,
Che maggior d'un Cherub alla Natura
Nuotai libero e forte entro le vene,
E fatto Creator di creatura
Misurarmi volea col Sommo Bene."

The last four lines of this extract are no inadequate rendering of

"Dessen freie Kraft
Schon durch die Adern der Natur zu fliessen,
Und, schaffend, Götterleben zu geniessen
Sich ahnungsvoll vermass."

Perhaps, after all, the most successful parts of this translation are in the dialogues, and especially in the talk of Mephistopheles, to which the archness (*malizia*) of the Italian colloquial idioms is particularly well adapted. Here, indeed, the translator works at an advantage, while he is at an equal disadvantage in rendering the mystic sense of the lyrical incantations and the hymns of spirits which are overheard in the first act of the drama. Upon the whole, if we say that Signor Guerrieri has done for the Italian as well as Mr. Lewis Filmore did for the English, we shall award him no slight praise; for Mr. Filmore's translation—the work of a man of fine taste and of true poetical feeling—is still, in our judgment, the best that we have. A perfect translation, even of the simplest poem, from any one language into any other, is a thing which can never be made; for the syllabic harmony of each tongue is peculiar to itself, and must, with any given form of versification, produce an effect quite different from that of the best verses in the same form, but which are composed of foreign words.

THE KING'S MAIL.*

WE consider this as, in many respects, one of the best novels of the season. It is a straightforward and honestly told story, which the heart of every reader can feel, and entirely free from those efforts at producing extravagant sensation which disfigure so largely the literature of the present day. The individuals whom Mr. Holl introduces to us are plain men and women, such as may frequently be met with in the classes of society to which each belongs, and they do such things as people might do under the circumstances in which they are placed; and the skill of the author is displayed in the striking delineation of character, and in the unartificial manner in which the story is developed from the beginning to its dénouement. Mr. Holl's plot, too, possesses another characteristic of some of the best of our old English novels,—it is built upon a foundation of truth. It is a tale of the highwayman period, when such adventures as are told here were not uncommon, and it brings us into acquaintance with the classes which have at all times preyed upon society in the peculiar form they presented at that time, and with their baneful action upon those who occupied a higher position in the social scale.

The story on which the plot turns is a simple one. Martin Blakeborough, a Surrey squire, has recently succeeded to his father's estates, under circumstances which were not uncommon among the squires of the last century if we are to credit the best old painters of society, the comedy-writers and the satirists. In his youth he had fallen into the society of bad men, and had been led, not unwillingly, into wild dissipation, and even into the commission of crimes which would have exposed him to the vengeance of the law, but that those who alone could inform against him had been obliged to fly their country. He had now succeeded to his father's estate, and was squandering it away as fast as he could, a curse to his tenantry, and despised and avoided by his equals. He is exposed, at the moment when the story begins, to two dangers,—the unprincipled companion of former years, who

appears as a Captain Nicholas Upton, possesses secrets relating to Blakeborough's earlier life which places him at his mercy, and he has no scruple in exercising this power. But the danger from Upton is distant, as his own personal interests have obliged that worthy to leave the country. The second danger, however, is more pressing. To supply his pecuniary necessities he has given a heavy mortgage on his estates to a villainous Jew of London named Isaacs, and an equally unprincipled accomplice of the Jew, a lawyer named Clam, possesses Blakeborough's bills to a rather large amount, and these liabilities were more pressing. To meet them in part, Blakeborough is obliged to sell an estate; and it is at this moment that his evil angel, Captain Nicholas Upton, appears unexpectedly on the scene. This worthy has returned to England, wants money, repairs to the seat of the Blakeboroughs, and extorts from his victim a large portion of the money which, raised from the sale of his estate, was destined to appease the clamours of the Jew and his confederate lawyer. As Martin Blakeborough is thus disabled from making the payments expected from him, this worthy couple announce their intention of proceeding to his Surrey mansion by the mail coach on a certain day, in order to enforce their claims and take possession of his estates. Driven to despair, Blakeborough falls in with three of his old reckless companions in guilt, and it is arranged that they shall, on the night of the day in question, attack and rob the mail coach in a very wild district through which it had to pass, with the object, as far as Blakeborough was concerned, of obtaining possession of Isaacs' deed of mortgage and Clam's bills, which those worthies were to carry with them by the mail on that day. The plot succeeded, the mail was robbed, and Blakeborough obtained all the papers which compromised his estates, and destroyed them. One only of the four assailants of the coach was wounded, and that so dangerously that he was obliged to be left in the flight, and, falling into the hands of justice, was tried, condemned, and executed, but died without giving any information against his accomplices. Nobody suspected Blakeborough, who, thus relieved from his serious embarrassments, began to repent of his former courses, and was becoming a changed man. But his progress of improvement was suddenly arrested by the fatal influence of past crimes. Blakeborough had imprudently concealed, in one of his unfrequented cellars, the mail bags from which he had abstracted the papers which compromised his property, instead of destroying them; and they were unexpectedly brought to light, and he was thus known as one of the accomplices in the coach robbery. The discovery of the mail-bags was made and proclaimed by Upton at the very moment when Blakeborough, whose villainous and treacherous character is admirably well sustained through the whole story, out of pity for his old companion, was concealing him from the officers of justice at his own risk. Blakeborough escaped from the officers, and fled to London, but, hunted by them, he reached his home secretly in the night, had entered his mansion by an entrance known to himself, had taken poison, and was found next morning a corpse on his own bed.

Such are the main features of the history of Martin Blakeborough, whose character is well drawn and well sustained throughout, and the same may be said of the other principal characters, such as Nicholas Upton, Clam the lawyer, and especially the Jew Isaacs, who dies murdered by the hand of the victim of his own villainy. Nor has Mr. Holl been less successful in the subordinate parts of his plot. Among these are the story of Dick Combs, the gamekeeper, and his daughter, the latter of whom had been seduced by Blakeborough, and afterwards cast off, and in her anguish she left her father's home to hide her shame in London, where she becomes accidentally a rather important personage in the dénouement of the story; and that of the curate Stapleton and Florence Dormer. The story is well told, the interest is extremely well kept up; and although few of the characters are such as to engage our sympathy, the reader will feel no desire to lay it down until he has followed them all to their different fates. It is a correct picture of society at the period to which it refers. This is Mr. Holl's first appearance as a novelist, but we look upon it as a very successful *début*, and we have no doubt that we shall meet him in the same field again.

BREAKFAST IN BED.*

DESPITE unquestionable evidences of marked ability, we cannot say that this new production of Mr. Sala's is very agreeable. It is rather morbid in its tone of thought. With the addition of a grim and saturnine sadness, he has imbibed what may be called the Thackerayan philosophy of life. We all know what that philosophy is. It might be summed up in the brief formula—"Man is a humbug. There is nothing but insincerity and disappointment in the world. Life is a sad dog, and therefore let us make fun of it." The said "fun," one need hardly remark, is no fun at all, but rather a despairing defiance of the death-head which we are constantly bidden to contemplate. The merriment of an ancient Egyptian in presence of the same *memento mori* set on the festive table, or of roysterers in a city stricken by the plague, must have had very much of this character. We are at a loss to see the benefit or the pleasure of such "philosophizing." It is neither true nor fascinating. Life is, indeed, most mournful in many of its phases, and at the very core of it, to all thoughtful minds, lies a deeper sadness than words can express; but this is

* The King's Mail. By Henry Holl, Three vols. 8vo. Sampson Low & Son.

* Breakfast in Bed; or, Philosophy between the Sheets. A Series of Indigestible Discourses. By George Augustus Sala. Maxwell & Co.

not a thing for poking fun at. Mr. Sala's pleasantries are sometimes, to our thinking, very painful. Who that has ever looked thoughtfully at a growing child has not been for a moment saddened at the reflection that a host of dreadful and evil things lie in wait for him if he reaches manhood, and that he *may* not escape them all; that he may be unhappy, that he may be vicious, that he may be criminal? Mr. Sala is contemplating a little boy, whom he describes as his nephew (though he says he has no blood of *his* in his veins); and the great, solemn doubtfulness of the future suggests to him this ghastly joke:—

"He is simply a very grave problem and study to me; and whither his life-journey may tend I am sure I don't know. For the sake of his few surviving relatives I trust that he will not be hanged; but who knows? Who can tell?"

Truly, no one but the Divine Disposer can know; such a fate is possible for any one of us. But why, for the sake of a jibe at the "few surviving relatives," gratuitously connect an innocent, fresh-natured, fresh-faced child, with a repulsive and ignominious tragedy? In another of his essays, Mr. Sala indulges in a little droll "aside" about his own death. Speaking of ladies' hoops, he says:—

"Crinoline in some guise or another will endure, I am afraid, for years after I have been measured for my last surtout,—elm, plain, richly studded with japanned nails,"—and skirts will be worn," &c.

This is surely not true humour, nor true philosophy, nor true feeling; but it results from the same habit of reducing the most sad and solemn verities to some mean and vulgar level. When Edmund Kean, in the agonies of the death-scene in "King Lear," used to turn round to his friends at the wings, and make a comic grimace, it could hardly have been a pleasant sight; but he might in some measure have excused himself by saying that it was a physical relief to get rid of the simulated misery, and re-enter the actual world of frolicsome companionship, which he had only quitted for the purposes of art. No such excuse can be made when a man is contemplating the future of a real child, or his own death. The solemnity in those cases is not simulated or put on, and it is an outrage to trifle with it. Mr. Sala does not seem to feel this, though he is very much shocked at Mr. Sothorn for imitating a stammer in the part of Lord Dundreary, observing that "the stammerer and stutterer must be reckoned among the Almighty's afflicted creatures." The defect, we should say, is rather an inconvenience and annoyance than an affliction; at any rate, it is a much less serious matter than hanging or even than natural death; but Mr. Sala strains at the one and swallows the other. Mingled with all this jocosity on solemn subjects is the constant presence of a spirit of devouring melancholy, either real or affected. "Ah me!" and similar exclamations are among Mr. Sala's stock-in-trade, and an assumption of being old, used-up, and quite behind the time (which, after all, is such a poor time compared with the wonderful days he can recollect when he was young) is one of his most favourite effects. In a man who is really old, this kind of fond dallying with the past is excusable and even pleasant; in a man who is still young, it might seem affectation.

We are sorry to be obliged to make these objections, for "Breakfast in Bed," like all he writes, is very clever. No one—not even Dickens himself—has a keener, closer, and shrewder observation of the ways of men than Mr. Sala. His painting of manners is often wonderful for its life-like truth and power. His style, notwithstanding its superfluities and its occasional affectation of odd words and phrases, is light, airy, easy, and vivid; and his acquired knowledge is so various and singular that it supplies him with an exhaustless storehouse of quaint, fantastic, and yet pertinent illustration. He is a man who has seen much, read much, and thought not a little on many subjects. His humour, tinged though it is with an unwholesome melancholy, is often rich and flavorful; and his opinions—or rather his instincts, for he seems to reason through the feelings—are sometimes generous and manly. We have been particularly gratified with his plea for foundlings, his protest against the cry of hysterical terror last winter for subjecting our criminals to deliberate and systematic torture, and his remarks on the system of flogging and flogging at Eton and other public schools. What we chiefly object to is that Mephistophilean and cynical manner, which is perhaps no more than an unconscious habit. He has already made a mark on the periodical literature of the day, but he might make a much deeper, much pleasanter, and much more permanent one if he would beat out a style of his own, and forswear for ever the overdone part of a *dilettante* Diogenes.

NO BETTER THAN WE SHOULD BE.*

WHEN a writer complains that in every part of Evangelical Christendom there are cries loud and long of the low state of true religion, he affirms of his own age what is equally true of every other that has gone before it. No century has been without its Jeremiahs, nor without ground for them. But it is a question how far the views of such a writer as the author of this book have a healthy tendency. He describes his travels in search of consistency, setting out with the false premises that such a thing as perfect consistency—and nothing less will satisfy him—can be found on earth. And passing all the religious denominations of his country in

review, he condemns one and all as guilty of some soul-destroying practice, or of the reception of some soul-destroying doctrine, which vitiates whatever other Christian excellencies he supposes them to possess. The Church of Rome goes down at once as an utter abomination, but with it falls the Church of England as something not much better, because it retains, as the writer asserts, the belief in apostolical succession, and in baptismal regeneration. One would suppose that the Wesleyan communion would be somewhat more to his taste, and to some extent it is. At least it is free from the delusions of Rome and Canterbury, and so far has his good will. But when the Wesleyan minister claims powers derived directly from Heaven which none but a minister can exercise, Wesleyanism too goes by the board, and the adventurer presses on in search of the consistency he has yet to find. He attends a meeting at Exeter Hall, a meeting of the Bible Society. He is pleased to see how many professors of different shades of Protestantism can meet in behalf of this society on the same platform; and, though he thinks the chairman rather more stout and florid than consists with Christian self-denial, he is willing to waive that little inconsistency, if no greater one shows itself. But when he finds that some of the lights upon the platform defile their brightness by the use of fermented liquors, he turns away from the meeting, more in anger than in sorrow, with his grand desideratum yet to be sought. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that any religious or philanthropic society, having on its committee a distiller or a brewer, stands, *ipso facto*, condemned; and if in any religious body there are men who drink wine, or countenance war or capital punishment, the odour of sanctity is not with them—Christian consistency has yet to be discovered. In this way he makes a round of the various religious denominations, and shows the weak point in the armour of each, with a pertinacity which would be wearisome if it were not cleverly done. But after all his pains, after crossing the Atlantic in search of consistency in vain, do not let the reader suppose that he returns to his native land without it. No; he makes the glorious discovery for which he has toiled so much, and finds true Christian consistency in Mivo, one of the South-Sea islands. In this favoured speck on the ocean is to be found "truth unmixed, religion untainted, humanity by the power of that religion sanctified, selfishness destroyed, peace predominant, and all the virtues and graces of our Christian faith bound together by the golden girdle of Christian consistency."

Absurd as the book is, it is very readable, and often amusing. The writer has a turn for satire, and an insatiable appetite for controversy. If Mivo had been larger and more populous than it is, or nearer to the centre of civilization, he would have found a flaw too in its Christian title-deeds. But he has clearly considerable knowledge of the various religious denominations, and he exposes many of the weaknesses and inconsistencies of their professors with an unsparing hand.

RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.*

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

OF minor foibles and errors ascribed to the Jesus of M. Renan's romance, we have no space to speak. Suffice it to say, that there are few which ordinary human beings have, that our author has not attributed to him, and sometimes such as are contradictory. At every turn we meet with some flaw, some defect which makes it impossible not to wonder at M. Renan's altitudes of encomiastic rhetoric. It is, indeed, quite ludicrous to compare them with his depreciatory details. We know not enough of M. Renan to say whether his own intellect be eccentric enough to allow of his having written the book in "good faith," and to permit us to believe all his rhapsodies of admiration sincere; but we confess that only "the charity that believeth all things" enables us to believe it: and we are in the more difficulty because the interpretations of incidents or precepts in the Gospels, which the open enemies of Christianity have strained in *malam partem*, and used for the very purpose of proving Christ's errors and imperfections, M. Renan is sure to patronize and adopt. We hardly recollect an instance to the contrary. Thus, he not only attenuates, as much as possible, the originality of Christ's moral teaching, but in various points caricatures and travesties his precepts, by adopting the most rigorous literalism in the interpretation of them, and by a wayward and perverse wresting of single passages, when by comparison with others they admit of a more reasonable solution. The interpretations of leading points of Christ's moral teaching and the comments on them, are those of the various infidel writers, whose very object has been to diminish the claims of Christ to the world's reverence, and to dwarf his intellectual and moral stature; to prove, not his lofty pre-eminence, as M. Renan affects to do, but his imperfections, his extravagances, his ignorance, his errors. How is it that while affecting to exalt Jesus on so lofty a pedestal, he manages to stumble on the very criticisms of those who most industriously depreciate him?

Utterly futile are M. Renan's attempts to extenuate the preposterous "egotism" of Christ (on his theory) in demanding the absolute surrender of every human creature, body, soul, and spirit to his absolute will. All this is, indeed, quite *natural* on the ordinary evangelical hypothesis; but is simply a proof of Christ's being out of his senses if he be nothing more than the enthusiast M. Renan supposes. The most intolerably vain and despotism

* No Better than we should be; or, Travels in Search of Consistency. By Andrew Marvell, jun. Freeman.

* Ernest Renan: Vie de Jésus. Troisième Edition. Paris. 1863.

master that ever exacted reverence from his disciples never went a thousandth part of this length. There is, indeed, one other hypothesis; but it would only make matters worse for M. Renan's "Hero;" and that is, the theory of conscious imposture instead of that of the frenzy of an unparalleled vanity. M. Renan, indeed, is pleased to tell us that we are not to be offended with all this, as if it were "egotism" in Christ; in all other men we should be, but not in him! So also of his declaration that he should come in glory and in the clouds of heaven and would "confound all those who had rejected him," M. Renan naïvely says:—

"L'audace d'une telle conception ne doit pas nous surprendre. Jésus s'envisageait depuis long-temps avec Dieu sur le pied d'un fils avec son père. Ce qui chez d'autres serait un orgueil insupportable, ne doit pas chez lui être traité d'attentat."—P. 237.

Begging our author's pardon, however, if Christ be nothing more than a mere man, we must try him by the rules of men; and if he indulged in these fantastical claims to universal power, and fantastical demands of unlimited love and self-sacrifice on the part of the whole species; insisted on all the world bowing down to him in absolute abnegation, and all only as a "*rêve sublime*," we think there would be very good reason for not only demurring to his claims, but treating his pretensions with as sovereign scorn and indifference as we should the pretensions of any straw-crowned monarch of Bedlam.

Such are the real dimensions to which M. Renan's details reduce Christ; such the miserable anticlimax of his eulogies of his "greatest of the sons of men." Can this be He, we are ready to exclaim, who has received far wider and more devoted homage from the most various races, barbarian and polished, than any other of the race? Can this maimed, halting character, full of flaws in every aspect—this doting dreamer, filled with the vainest illusions—fancying himself possessed of "all power in heaven and on earth," and rightfully claiming the absolute surrender, body and soul, of every individual of the human race—steeped in self-ignorance, presumption, and egotism, whose madness, more frantic than that of any ordinary Bedlamite, was combined with vulgar *tracasseries* only worthy of a strolling fortune-teller,—can this be He who has changed the face of the world? *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

For the various reasons assigned above, we do not in the least wonder that many who believe in the evangelic Christ as little as M. Renan; who are ready to bow down in implicit veneration to any eastern sage, provided they know little enough about him to make him, in their imagination, a competitor of Christ, are vehemently angry at the extravagant tone of M. Renan's hyperbolic eulogies of the "Jewish carpenter." We do not wonder that they are jealous for the honour of Buddha! This has been amusingly exemplified of late, in a pamphlet by one of M. Renan's infidel compatriots—many of whom are as little likely to be satisfied with his "Vie de Jésus" as any Christian in the world. This writer stands up bravely for the claims of old Buddha, whom he represents as a far wiser teacher and a far greater genius than Jesus Christ. M. Renan, like blind old Jacob, blessing the sons of Joseph, is placing his rhetorical coronet on the wrong head! We fear it cannot be said of him, as of the patriarch, that he "guides his hands wittingly" in the matter. But it is certainly droll to find these infidel champions of Christ and Buddha waging this pleasant *vrotopaxia*. The one contends for the superior glory of Christ, though he has struck out from the only record which tells us anything about Him, all that is most significant, and that can alone protect him from the charge of madness or imposture; and the other sings the superior praises of Buddha, though history has left his name little more than a shadow. For ourselves, we frankly confess, that if "le petit Christ" of M. Renan is to be taken as a true description of Him of whom "Moses and the prophets" are supposed "to have spoken," we do not at all wonder that many should be angry at His name being placed so immeasurably above those of Socrates, Confucius, and Buddha.

From the statements now given, the reader can judge whether the portrait of Christ painted by M. Renan sustains either his own high-flown panegyrics or corresponds to the Christ of history. In truth, it harmonizes neither with the one nor the other. A word or two on both points. First, if we were to grant that the *ideal* of Christ, as portrayed in M. Renan's vague language of general eulogy, were ever so entrancing and captivating, it is not the Christ portrayed in his own detailed statements; the one is in hopeless and utter contradiction to the other. Secondly, even if the Christ he lavishes his sentimental rhetoric in eulogizing were the real Christ, it is not the Christ mankind has believed in, not the Christ who has changed the face of the world and enamoured the heart of humanity. He who has done that, has been believed to be, and precisely because He was believed to be, the supernatural Christ whose advent was predicted by prophecy, whose claims were confirmed by miracle; the Wonder-Worker, the Redeemer, the great Propitiator, the Intercessor, the Vicegerent of God, the depositary of "all power in heaven and earth," the future "judge of the quick and dead." He it is who has achieved these wonders.

Christianity, we agree with M. Renan, is a great phenomenon, and has exercised a prodigious influence on the world; but it has been, and is, a great phenomenon, in virtue of the very elements which M. Renan considers its *falsities*; it is as a supposed supernatural phenomenon, and as such only; embraced as such, *lived* for as such, *died* for as such.

It is impossible to close M. Renan's book, and refrain from asking some such questions as these: If Christ had in Him really

no more than M. Renan ascribes to Him in his vague sketch, or unhappily, as much as he ascribes to Him in his details; if He corresponded to this preposterous picture—how came His contemporaries to bestow upon Him infinitely higher attributes, and to transmute Him into a Christ truly "Divine?" Supposing the story of Mount Tabor a myth (as M. Renan does), how came Christ's contemporaries to more than realize and fulfil it?—first enveloping their master in a "cloud" of stupendously fabulous legends, and thereby utterly disguising his genuine history till preternaturally revealed in M. Renan's "Fifth Gospel," and then letting him emerge to the world in the splendour of a truly glorious "transfiguration?" How came they to surround His simple history (and his very questionable claims to veneration, as painted by M. Renan) with the very wildest figments of legendary invention?

In fine, even if M. Renan's representation of what Christ *really* was, were conceded, this other phenomenon—the rise and origin, the success and triumph of a strange *legendary* Christ, who has wholly eclipsed the *true*—would as much require to be investigated and accounted for, as ever.

Meantime, it is really incomprehensible if Christ, as depicted in M. Renan's pages, be a true photograph, how His immediate followers could so utterly misconceive and then disguise Him; how they came to admit His Utopian dreams, His claims to universal dominion, His miraculous powers, His right to demand absolute self-sacrificing obedience of every human creature, without a question, and proceed to transmit to the world—and all this without being themselves either fools or impostors—the most prodigious *fardeau* of lying wonders (solemnly vouched for as facts), which the world has ever seen?

We do not ask how such a Christ as M. Renan's portrait presents, succeeded in enchainning the attention of the world and leading humanity captive; for *this* he plainly never did. M. Renan's Christ, if he ever existed, has assuredly achieved no such success; it is the miraculous Christ, the Christ of the Gospels, the transformed Christ, that has been the world's idol. But we ask, how came he to be so grossly mistaken by his followers and transmuted into the totally different Christ, who alone is known to humanity? The other question just alluded to, of course, follows, but which, like the preceding, M. Renan's book leaves wholly unanswered: namely, how, on any hypothesis, within *seventy* years of Christ's death, came the world to substitute that purely legendary Christ of the Gospels for either M. Renan's shadowy outline or his more minute but most incongruous portrait? With two or three remarks on this point we will conclude.

Much, indeed, is said by advocates of the "mythical theory" about the imperceptible effect of a "*long time*" in gradually diffusing and accrediting the most enormous legends. They ascend to such remote ages, we are told, that their very origin is forgotten. This "*long time*," however, and this gradual growth, are the very things that in the present case are wanting. This "*deus ex machina*," this "*auld lang syne*," which is so pathetically invoked by our modern philosophers when they want to explain a perplexing phenomenon—whether it be to account for the "transmutation of species" or the "legendary origin of Christianity"—cannot here be introduced on the stage. It is quite true that we shall in vain attempt to investigate the origin or diffusion of many a cycle of myths; they lose themselves, as is truly said, in the shadows of a pre-historic age; they were very gradually formed during centuries of profound ignorance, and at length emerged, with all their too characteristic deformities upon them, from the realms of "chaos and old night." But this will not apply to the presumed "myths" of Christianity. The religion was *born* in a historic age, with thousands of sharp eyes upon it—eyes in a multitude of cases sharpened by malignity, and in all cases by prejudice: what is more, the "legend" of Christianity is supposed to be complete in the four Gospels, even by M. Renan's own admission, within about seventy years after the death of its founder, and from that time at least had no difficulty in imposing itself for veritable history on every convert, whether Jewish or heathen, learned or ignorant,—a fact which, if true, is utterly at war with all the analogies of other mythologies. One would imagine that many centuries at least, and those of deep darkness, would be necessary for the gradual formation and reception of such monstrous "legends" as these. Nay, the history of Christianity itself in the dark ages would seem to give us clear demonstration of this necessity. The "dark ages" are not so dark as to prevent us from pretty clearly seeing in what way Christianity was at length corrupted into something very like the heathen idolatry it supplanted. The pretension of the Bishop of Rome, for example, to be Christ's vicegerent on earth, required the best part of a thousand years to bring it into full bloom, and, like the night-blowing Cereus, only attained it when twilight had darkened into night; and then only by the long suppression of those "Gospels" which would have contradicted the preposterous claim. On the other hand, while it required a thousand years to make the Pope an indifferent vicegerent of Christ, it only took, it seems, seventy years to convince the world that a "Jewish carpenter" was not only the vicegerent of God, but God Incarnate, and to authenticate all the monstrous legends—if legends at all—of his incarnation, resurrection, and ascension!

To meet this difficulty, neither Strauss nor Renan suggests anything; they simply ignore it. M. Renan, indeed (though to his own credit in this matter), has admitted the difficulty. Under the stress of historic evidence, he comes to the conclusion that all the four Gospels had assumed their present form by A.D. 100; leaving, as we have said, only a margin of about seventy years

for the origination, growth, circulation, reception, and lastly, consignment to writing (in a form never afterwards disputed), of these strange stories—stories which, if false, make as large “demands” on popular credulity as the “Arabian Nights,” and yet which, it seems, popular credulity immediately “honoured!” Others a little enlarge the limit. They think we can hardly suppose the actual compilation and reception of the “Gospels” complete before the middle or towards the close of the second century. But, in fact, either limit is ridiculous. By the year 150 we have the clearest evidence, from independent sources, that Christianity had largely extended its conquests in every part of the Roman empire. The improbability of the theory may be measured by the very modest progress (in comparison with that of the Apostles), which all modern Christian missions have made in the last century. Yet, if the Apostles had no miraculous endowments, they possessed no natural advantage in which multitudes of modern missionaries have not been their equals, often superior to them; and as to the “message,” if that, *ex hypothesi*, was “legend,” it is but “legend” still. Now, if the early propagandists of the Gospel had *nothing* to appeal to but the so-called “legends” of the Gospel,—that is, to just the same instruments as ourselves,—the progress of the *latter* ought to have been equal to that of the *former*. It will not do to say that the people, to whom the first emissaries of the Gospel were sent, were more credulous than those in our own sceptical day; for, though we may be sceptical, the heathen now are the very counterpart of the heathen then; not at all “sceptical,” it is admitted, in either case, but in both cases profoundly enslaved to their superstitions: which superstitions, it seems the ancient Gentiles surrendered with comparative ease, though the modern Gentiles will not! We do not wonder at the tardy progress of “missions” now; they are fully as successful as the tremendous obstacles (often represented by their enemies to be not only formidable, but *insurmountable*) would fairly allow us to hope; but that their success will not bear comparison with that of the early missions admits not of question, and some reasonable account of the difference ought to be assigned. But, in truth, this parallel, though suggesting a very striking proof of the insufficiency of the period assigned by such authors as Strauss and Renan for the “completion and reception” of the “Christian legend” is, in fact, far too indulgent to their theory; for, in the modern parallel, we have at least not represented our enthusiastic missionaries as unconsciously *manufacturing* their own legendary faith at the very moment they are propagating it, and converting themselves and the world to the truth of their “legends” at the same time! According to the infidel theory, the “legends” were not only originated and completed, but obtained currency and acceptance among vast multitudes of the many nations throughout the Roman empire, in this scanty space of about seventy or a hundred years, and that in the broad daylight of an advanced civilization! Is this in analogy with the ordinary “mythologies” which have been formed so gradually, and in ages so remote that we can only guess at their origin?

M. Renan is very fond of appealing to the legendary achievements of Francis d’Assisi, as showing what incredible fictions may grow up about a saintly enthusiast. The absurdity of any such parallel will be manifest at a glance. The “miracles” of St. Francis were all such as his adherents, who already believed in his religious system, and that that system could boast of a hundred such miracle-workers, were prepared to receive. Such recitals of miracles as those which garnish the life of St. Francis, are amongst those which Paley, with equal candour and acuteness, says, “we may at once lay out of account,” when examining miraculous claims. The early converts to Christianity—converts from the most various religions, naturally attached to their native superstitions, and as necessarily opposed to the pretensions of the upstart Gospel—were not, like the followers of St. Francis, predisposed to gulp down anything offered to their credulity. The *real* parallel would be, to find multitudes of Protestants of all denominations acquiescing in the miraculous claims of St. Francis; or multitudes of Catholics investing Luther with supernatural qualities of a *celestial* order, as freely as they have endowed him with those of an opposite kind. This would be a little like the case of Jews or Gentiles receiving the miracles of the Gospel in the first instance; and that that could not be very easily effected by ordinary means, the Jews and Gentiles *now* will afford us just as good a proof as could Jews and Gentiles then. And, lastly, if among the Protestants who devoutly received the miracles of St. Francis, there were found men of the acutest intellect and the highest culture—men who, in days of light like ours, were as difficult to be disabused of their senseless belief in the miracles of St. Francis, as the Lockes, the Newtons, the Butlers, and thousands more, high in the rolls of science and literature, are to be disabused of their obstinate faith in the Gospel “legends,” then the parallel would be tolerably perfect. In a word, no miracles alleged by the votaries of a system already implicitly believed in, and vouched for by those whose prejudices and passions predispose them to an easy assent, can touch the present case; and to argue as if it did, is one of the most vulgar of fallacies.

On some important grounds we are not sorry to see this “new version” of the “Origines du Christianisme.” It is a sign of the restless distrust which infidelity feels of the many solutions of the problem it has already attempted. It is evident that M. Renan is not satisfied to rest where Strauss did. The problem is—Given, that there neither are nor can be such things as either miracle or prophecy,—in short, such a thing as the “*supernatural*,”—how shall we account satisfactorily for the rapid and unconscious formation,

in about seventy years, and in an historic age, of such an immense deposit of the most extraordinary “legends” about the Jewish “carpenter,” Jesus Christ; and their ready reception, as historic verities, by such immense numbers of the most various nations and races, in spite of all the natural prejudices of these religionists, both in favour of their own religions and *against* the new; to say nothing of objections to the “marvellous legends” themselves. To this difficulty must be added that of accounting for the fact that such really idle and baseless “legends” should be supported by such plausible evidences as not only to produce, *then*, an intensity of belief which made multitudes rather part with life itself than give them up, but to impose on vast multitudes of the strongest and acutest minds for more than eighteen centuries; of men who have spent years in the investigation of these asserted “legends,” and written whole libraries in maintenance of their being historic truth! No wonder that infidelity feels it to be a difficult task to give a good account of these legends. Yet it *ought* not to be, if they *are* legends. In an historic age like ours, nothing is more easy than to dispel “legends;” nothing, in any age, more difficult than to make nations and races tolerate, or even look, except with scornful curiosity, upon *any* legends that are not of native growth.

The difficulty of the problem is confessed by the versatile construction and abandonment of the most various and even contradictory hypotheses for solving it. Coarse fraud, cheating the credulity of the world; fanaticism, cheating both the world and itself; enthusiasm (sublimed to madness and bereft of all its senses), perpetually, but *honestly*, mistaking ordinary occurrences for miraculous events,—a theory which none has more successfully laughed out of countenance than Strauss himself; “legends” gradually springing up, no one knows when or how, and rapidly believed, no one knows how or why; lastly, fanaticism, enthusiasm, innocent mistake, pious fraud, and gradual “legend,” mingled in various proportions;—all these have been alternately urged and abandoned by a scepticism which feels itself compelled to give some *rationale* of the origin and success of Christianity, and feels perpetually dissatisfied with its own efforts; and, we venture to say, will do so.* For, as Butler truly says, “The miracles are a satisfactory account of the events, of which no other satisfactory account can be given; nor any account at all, but what is imaginary merely, and invented.”†

M. Renan’s is another of these “merely imaginary” solutions, and we have no doubt will soon be dismissed as utterly unsatisfactory.

SHORT NOTICES.

REGISTRATION OF TITLE TO LAND.‡

WE have here a painstaking and lucid examination into the subject of land registration—a subject with which the Legislature has not yet been able to deal definitively. We are of the number of those who believe that there is no ineradicable difficulty—no inherent one at least—in the way of such a registration of title to land as would reduce its transfer to a process nearly if not equally simple with the transfer of railway shares or money in the Funds. But there is a difficulty, not inherent, which has hitherto secured the defeat of the great reform which Mr. Wilson in this volume advocates. That difficulty is the vested interest which the solicitors—the most powerful body of men, Lord Campbell called them, in the kingdom—have in the uncertainty of title which an efficient system of registration would remove. That uncertainty is one of the greatest of the law’s glories because one of the most profitable, and will not be surrendered without a struggle. Mr. Wilson is not the first writer by many who have demonstrated the utter and cruel needlessness of that uncertainty, and the feasibility of simplifying the transfer of land, and, of course, cheapening it. But the solicitors have been too strong for the reformers; still the battle is worth fighting, and we should hope that even “the most powerful body in the kingdom” will one day have to succumb to the force of common sense. Mr. Wilson’s book must tend to accomplish a result so desirable. He writes with a perfect knowledge of his subject, having, in addition to his general study of its features, been a member of the Registration of Titles Commission; and he has the power of stating his views with admirable clearness. We may add, that his plan for the registration of title is illustrated with maps and forms, which are of course a great assistance to the reader. We strongly recommend this excellent review of a most important subject.

THE EARNEST STUDENT.§

It is not necessary, in noticing the issue of a new edition—the eleventh—of Dr. Macleod’s “Memoirs of John Mackintosh” to dwell upon the merits of the work. It gives us an insight into the character of a mind strongly imbued with religious feeling, and of a life which had religion for the motive of all its exertions.

* In some points M. Renan’s book goes back towards the older deistical theories. Strauss would endeavour to avoid all appearance of imputing fraud to the founders and first propagators of Christianity, and makes them the insensible and unconscious victims of “myths and legends;” he also utterly, and with good reason, explodes the fallacies of naturalism. M. Renan, feeling that this bare “mythical” theory will not satisfactorily account for the facts, is willing to get a little aid from both “pious fraud” and “naturalism.” The former he does not scruple occasionally to attribute to Christ himself, under (as he seems to think) the plausible form of profound astuteness, which he appears to suppose might justify anything; the latter, he supposes, may so far have had place as to account for all the phenomena of “demoniac” cures; and, in fact, he makes Christ as clever a “doctor” and as little of a miracle-worker as does Paulus himself.

† “Anal.” P. ii., C. vii.

‡ Registration of Title to Land; what it is, why it is needed, and how it may be effected. By Robert Wilson. Longmans.

§ The Earnest Student; being Memorials of John Mackintosh. By Norman Macleod, D.D. Popular Edition. Strahan & Co.

There is something even more than this to be admired. Mr. Mackintosh appears to have been a man superior to prejudice, not by the aid of indifference, but out of an honest desire to know thoroughly the nature and merits of any subject he took in hand. He examined other systems of religion than his own, with a painstaking endeavour to be right with regard to them, and not, whatever his own leanings might be, to do them injustice. This is one of the most difficult tasks a man can undertake; but the mere attempt to perform it shows an honesty of purpose which deserves our respect. We see by the preface to the present edition that the profits of the work have enabled Dr. Macleod to found a "Mackintosh scholarship," in connection with the Free Church Mission in Madras, for the support annually of ten students. The present edition contains two very interesting chapters, not in those which have preceded it, selected chiefly from Mr. Mackintosh's notes of his travels in Italy, together with several letters not published before.

THE POST OF HONOUR.*

THE title of this book has a military ring, but its heroism belongs to the Church Militant. The writer's object in this pleasing story is to show her readers that there is a post of honour higher than that of the courtier at the side of his king, or the soldier under the eye of his general; to show "the ways in which we may witness for Him, whether by the quiet testimony of a Christian life, or by the personal sacrifice of that which we hold most dear, or by deliberately choosing a life of self-denying labour, or by a noble confession of the truth in the face of persecution and death." The story is thus a Christian story; and in order that the last-named mode of defending the post of honour may be exemplified, the scene is judiciously laid in Madagascar at the time of the Madagascan persecution. The author has done well in avowing the sources from which she draws her descriptions of the scenery and habits of the people, as well as the narrative of events which constitute the persecution. The book derives an additional interest from the historical air thus imparted to it, and the class of readers amongst whom it is likely to be popular will be glad of those pages of missionary detail for which the author unnecessarily apologizes. As for the story itself, it is written with more than average ability. There is nothing indeed very novel in the characters, but the incidents are sensibly narrated, and some of them are very interesting.

A GUIDE TO THE DANISH LANGUAGE.†

THIS little work, although unpretending in title and size, is a valuable contribution to Anglo-Danish literature, and, unlike many works of its kind, is a guide to the language. We have no doubt that a rudimentary knowledge of the Danish language, to the study of which a great impulse has been given by recent events, may be acquired by the help of this work alone. The plan of the book is simple, but complete. It commences by a short, but clear sketch of the grammar, the rules of which are exemplified in short exercises in Danish and English, and finishes with extracts from Danish prose and verse, the reading of which is facilitated by a vocabulary. We may add that to a person acquainted with English and German the study of the Danish language is very easy, as there is a considerable analogy between the words and grammars of the three languages. For instance, the English word knife is in Danish *kniv*; the German word ranch (smoke) is in Danish *rog*; the German word *macht* (power) is in Danish *magt*; the German word *kirche* is *kirken*. Of course there are a great number of words in Danish which will be entirely new to the English or German student.

THE FAIR PENITENT.‡

THIS book would hardly be worth notice but for the fact that the author has been able to find a publisher courageous enough to put his name to the title-page. The author has prudently concealed his; but it will not be difficult to recognise him should he ever appear in print again from the stupidity of his style and the filthiness of his imagination. The object of the book is to expose the wickedness of the confessional as it is practised by Puseyite clergymen; but the argument does not proceed on doctrinal grounds, but upon moral ones, so astonishing in the wholesale villainies imputed to the Puseyite confessors that we fancy there must be somewhere amongst us a cheap journalism more silly and immoral than any with which we are acquainted, to which the author is one of the ablest contributors. His theory is that from the moment a clergyman of the Church of England lends himself to "Tractarian practices," he becomes overspread with a moral leprosy which should drive every one from him, but, at the same time, with a fascination which makes ladies of title drop into his snares by the score. The Rev. Mr. Oily Tongue is the type of the class. He is a drunkard, a seducer, and adulterer,—a forger and a cheat. But Lady Fantasia Belgrave has only to hear him preach and she tumbles over head and ears in love with him. When his name is mentioned disparagingly by her husband and a friend at dinner-time she goes off in a faint, seeks an interview with him next day, and agrees to elope with him. The reverend scamp has already seduced his housekeeper, Jessie, and a certain Janet Brown, whose lapse from virtue in attending at St. Cyprian's is punished by the suicide of her lover and the idiocy of her father on the discovery of her fall. Besides these dupes of "Tractarianism," the Rev. Mr. Oily Tongue and his fellows in the ministry, the Rev. Barnabas Maudlin, and the Rev. Chrysostom Bland, have tender relations with Madame Smithson, Dorothea and Camelia Maddkap, Sophia Sentiment, Wilhelmina Gushington, Lady Waynton, the Hon. Flora Fitzcoker, Mrs. Venetia

* The Post of Honour. By the Author of "Broad Shadows on Life's Pathway," "Doing and Suffering," &c. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

† A Guide to the Danish Language. Designed for the Use of Students. By Mrs. Maria Bojesen. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ The Fair Penitent. A Tale of the Confessional. In Two Epochs. Elliot.

Vavasour, Anastasia Wylde, Arabella Fitzpark, and her two sisters. It is dangerous for a man who deals in religious discussions to go beyond the region of ascertained facts, and draw upon his imagination, for then he runs a risk of revealing himself, and the disclosure may not be creditable. For instance, the writer before us, who is, or pretends to be, so much shocked with Puseyite morality, represents the Lady Fantasia Belgrave returning to her husband after her sojourn with the Rev. Oily Tongue, and being received by his lordship with as much joy and satisfaction as if nothing had happened. But the book is not worthy of criticism; it is only noticeable as an exceedingly discreditable curiosity.

MANKIND IN MANY AGES.*

THE author of this book has performed a difficult task with considerable ability. In the attempt to embrace so vast a subject within the compass of four hundred duodecimo pages there is the danger of reducing every fact stated to such poverty of detail as to render it wholly uninteresting. Another obvious difficulty is the arrangement of the subject. But the author's powers have been quite equal to her work. She has divided it into seven books. Of these the first, second, and third, treat, respectively, of the "History of the Ancient Peoples of Asia and Africa," the "History of Greece," and "The Romans;" the fourth, of the "History of the Middle Ages;" the fifth and sixth, of "Modern History;" and the seventh, of "Contemporary History and Social Progress." We have thus only a glance, indeed, at the story of the world; but what was necessary—namely, that it should be brief and yet interesting—has been accomplished. In an appendix the author has added a tabular view of royal dynasties, which the reader will find useful. The work is altogether one which we can recommend to our readers.

SECRETS OF MY OFFICE.†

WERE it not for the predominance of a tone of rascality which we find throughout this book and the relish with which the author narrates his secrets, the subject might have been made amusing. But even the spiciest roguery wearies by over repetition; and the roguery of this volume is not spicy. One fraud after another is presented to the reader with as perfect faith that it will interest him as if he was supposed to have an intellect and a moral sense no higher than that of a card-sharper. Probably it is for such a class of readers that the author has intended his work; and if so he has to some extent attained his object. If there are persons who will write such books, we presume there are others who will read them. The fact is indicative of a very low state of taste in, we trust, a small portion of the public. With regard to the book before us, the bane and the antidote to some extent go together. If the book has the disadvantage of being gross, it has the advantage of being dull, and will by no means bear out the promise of the title. "Secrets of My Office, by a Bill Broker," promises something in the shape of scandal which might tempt readers of prurient taste to buy. The secrets, however, are by no means "secrets worth knowing." They consist of a string of incidents slightly modified from the ordinary narratives of fraud to be found in the police reports, with an addition of coarseness and vulgarity which are the author's own.

WORDS FOR WORKERS.‡

THERE is a manly spirit in Mr. Elliot's verses which atones for their want of sparkling poetic merit, and makes us feel that he has not thrown his time away in writing them. Their object is to encourage men to whom Providence has assigned the rough work of life, to the fulfilment of their duties; to inspire them with the boldness and fearlessness of character to face difficulty cheerfully, and wait for their reward in the certainty that it will come; nay, that it is present to them in the mere exercise of the virtue of courage. Contrasting Mr. Elliot with poets who whine about their blighted hopes, we think him entitled to a higher niche than they, though their diction may be more poetic and their fancy richer. Here is good advice, which our sickly poets would do well to follow:—

"Watch, but work, and hoping still,
Keep faith in God's eternal will;
Fix firm your eye on Heaven's bright goal,
To cheer your heart and lift your soul;
Do all the good you can on earth,
To life's last hour from early birth;
And answer thus man's greatest end,
To which his noblest efforts tend;—
To glorify our Father, God,
His power, his love, to spread abroad.
And let this be your highest aim,
Place it above earth's wealth or fame;
While living clasp it to your heart,
Nor in death's struggles with it part.
Brother, the goal before you lies:
Go work, go toil, and your's the prize."

The volume contains better specimens of Mr. Elliot's poetic powers, but not of his sensible philosophy.

SCRIPTURE NARRATIVE.§

THE author of this book has certainly expended a large amount of pains in collecting and arranging the materials out of which a con-

* Mankind in Many Ages. An Outline of Universal History. By Thomsen L. von Oldskop. Virtue, Brothers, & Co.

† Secrets of My Office. By a Bill Broker. John Maxwell & Co.

‡ Words for Workers, and other Poems. By Russel Elliot. Shaw & Co.

§ The Life of our Lord upon the Earth, in its Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Relations. By the Rev. Samuel J. Andrews. Alexander Strahan. 1863.

tinuous biography of our Saviour may be composed. It is, however, neither a biography nor a harmony, but a series of discussions in chronological order on the events of the Gospel narratives, and as such it cannot fail to be found a useful help to ordinary students in the study of the New Testament. Passing by questions of the authorship, date, inspiration, interpretation, &c., of the Gospels, the writer proposes "to arrange the events of the Lord's life, so far as possible, in a chronological order, and to state the grounds of this order, and to consider the difficulties as to matters of fact which the several narratives present;" and in this we think he has to a very large extent succeeded in an octavo volume of 500 pages, the style of which is clear, the arguments easily followed, and the discussion on each point sufficiently ample for all the purposes of instruction.

WE have to record the death of Mrs. Trollope, whose novels some years ago were a staple commodity of the circulating libraries, and who won her fame as a vigorous and amusing writer by her book upon America and the Americans. The following is a list of her novels:—"The Refugee," "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw," "The Romance of Vienna," "The Vicar of Wrexhill," "The Widow Barnaby," "Michael Armstrong," "The Factory Boy," "One Fault," "The Widow Married," a continuation of "The Widow Barnaby," and "The Barnabys in America," "Chesterfield; or, the Youth of Genius," "Hargrave," "Jessie Phillips," "Lauriston," "Tremordyn Cliff," "The Robertses on their Travels," "The Blue Belles of England," "The Ward of Thorpe Coombe," "The Attractive Man," "Petticoat Government," "Father Eustace," "Uncle Walter," "The Clever Woman," "The Three Cousins," "Mrs. Mathewes," "Gertrude," and "Fashionable Life in London and Paris." She died at Florence, aged 84.

WE have also to record the death of Mr. John Sheepshanks, the collector of a cabinet of pictures which bears his name, and which, some years ago, he presented to the nation. They consist of 233 oil-paintings, and 103 sketches and drawings, which cost him nearly £60,000, and form the chief attraction in the South Kensington Gallery.

COUNT WALEWSKI is occupying his involuntary leisure in writing a "History of Poland," for which he will make use of many hitherto unknown documents and other papers. It will, of course, be ultra-Polish in its tendency.

FINE ARTS.

THE NEW TRAINING-SCHOOLS OF ART.

THE Committee of Council on Education have fairly taken the subject of art out of the hands of the Royal Academy. They have not only established a prosperous system of art-teaching throughout the kingdom, but they have created a school, in the sense of bringing out students and collecting them together to gain by the influence of emulation, as well as master-teaching, and have founded a School of Art upon a much broader basis, and with much more practical bearing, than any we have hitherto had in this country. There must be some very good reasons why South Kensington flourishes as a school, and the Royal Academy wastes away its life with a school of empty benches. It is not in this case as in so many others, that the cost debar the public from availing themselves of the teaching, because at the Academy the education may be considered as gratuitous, while the fees paid at South Kensington are the main source of support, the masters being paid for their services out of those fees. The question is, whether those who are disposed to make the arts a means of subsistence have not compared the two schools, and decided to enter at that which affords the best instruction, though at the higher cost. There can be little doubt that the system pursued, and the genuine education obtained at the one place, are compared by students, and, as the result shows, very much to the disadvantage of the old school at the Academy. It is true the Academy requires a pupil to have already acquired some of the rudiments, and then assumes the office of teaching the higher branches of art, with a view to making painters, sculptors, and architects—an office which invariably fails to do anything but reproduce a certain style, and perpetuate the Academic manner. That this is so, is we think shown by the fact that the distinguished men in art, as indeed in everything else, have not been the schoolmen but those who have determined to think for themselves; they were self-taught by their own genius in those higher walks of art which the Academy pretends to teach. Not to refer to the great men of old, who, for example, could have been the master of Turner in landscape? Who taught Etty to paint pictures like his "Combat," and those other works of his in the Edinburgh gallery—works that are about the only example we can boast of as an approach to the grand style of the old masters of Italy? Yet Etty served his time with a painter, and though he entered the school of the Academy at eighteen, he never distinguished himself in any way; not by prize or medal; by nothing, indeed, except having his pictures rejected at the Exhibition for nine long years. His education in the higher branches began when he first saw the glories of Italy, and even after that, when he painted his "Combat," the Academy saw nothing in it; the picture was bought out of pure artistic interest by John Martin, and Etty was not chosen by the Academy for four years afterwards. Mulready, again, was his own master; and what can we say of Maclise but the same? The whole school of landscape art, which in England stands unrivalled, owes nothing whatever to the Academy, for the very best of reasons, that there was never a

professor of landscape. Turner did not teach landscape, but, oddly enough, filled the chair of "Perspective" in the curriculum of the Academy. Then, if we turn to the new lights, the younger artists whose works carry a real interest with them, surely the Academy system has not conducted but through a feeling of revulsion to the development of their particular talent. The moral that we arrive at is, that the Academy has failed as an elementary school, out of absolute neglect and inattention to the proper method of teaching, and from not perceiving the value of applied art in the various branches of architectural ornament, furniture, and objects of domestic use. The Academy, as a body of eclectics, despised all this; they have been, like Prometheus, modelling their men of clay, in the hope of being able to put some celestial fire into them, while South Kensington has been content rather to follow the example of Dædalus, in teaching what can be learnt without inspiration.

Judging from the success, so far as the creation and maintenance of a training-school is concerned, which has attended the plan of the Council on Education adopted at South Kensington, it becomes an important question whether this training is not the only kind of art knowledge that can be taught, and whether the proper sphere of the Academy is not to promote the culture of art by selecting students having the most decided artistic faculty,—not merely good draughtsmen, but advanced students, who have displayed the rare ability to paint history or give expression to the sentiments; to afford men of this stamp the opportunity and the means of following out their bent, not only by lectures more or less instructive, but by enabling them to see and study the great examples abroad, more after the plan of the French Academy School of Art, which has for many years been established at Rome. We could imagine, that infinitely more instruction of a higher character is to be conveyed by the conversation of a master in the presence of some *chef-d'œuvre* of Raphael than by discursive lectures and the direction of the mere technical part of the art, especially as this is carried on in the Academy by various teachers in turn, each of whom has his own peculiar method of painting.

The school at South Kensington is always under one head-master, whose qualifications are sufficiently general and comprehensive to ensure a correct system of instruction being carried out by the different masters of departments. Mr. Burchett has filled this post from the first establishment of the schools at Somerset-house, in the rooms once occupied by the Royal Academy, and, it must be supposed, has acquired a very large amount of practical knowledge of the art of teaching and the guidance of students. This alone is an advantage peculiar to the South Kensington School, and it has had much to do with the arrangement of the new school we propose to describe. When first started, about eighteen years ago, so little was it expected that the public would be disposed to spend money in teaching drawing, that the students were obliged to make shift with any kind of light and any sort of accommodation which was offered. They suffered under every disadvantage in this way, but still the number of students increased; and when it became necessary to provide for this, Marlborough House was given up to the Science and Art Department for a time, where, with some temporary wooden buildings, the school was carried on, until, about seven years ago, it was moved to South Kensington, the museum being placed in the well-known "Boilers," and the schools chiefly conducted in the two old houses in the garden at the side. So far as the being able to study from the examples of pictures and other works of art in the museum, which was rapidly increasing, was concerned, the opportunities of the school were improved; but there were no properly designed rooms for artistic study from statues, or from the living model and from other natural objects. From time to time, as Parliament has granted the funds, the great building designed by Captain Fowke has been gradually making its appearance in pieces. Last year the large courts for the museum were completed; now we have the schools added to them behind, and communicating by the picture galleries, as well as by a student's entrance from Prince's-road. The building is not at all of a temporary nature, as it forms part of the large structure, the *façade* of which will some day, no doubt, rise up in place of the hideous Boilers; it is built of brick, with fire-proof floors, the principal timbers being strongly tied with iron. The schools are allotted to the two floors, the female school being on the ground floor, and the male school on the upper one. The lighting of the upper range of class rooms is by windows partly in the roof and partly at the side; those on the ground floor have one large side window, with an excellent north light, and all of these are provided with blinds and screens. The class-rooms above are placed on each side of the building and communicate by doors, but a wide corridor runs the whole length of the ground-floor, and the doors of the different studies open into it. The studies are all lofty and admirably ventilated by an open space which is left throughout all the ceilings communicating with the external air, and the warming is managed by a system of hot-water pipes. Most of the rooms measure 30 feet by 20 feet, the lecture-room being 40 feet by 30 feet. Each room is occupied by separate branches, such as elementary drawing, drawing from casts of the figure and ornament, modelling, painting from flowers, fruit, coloured draperies, and landscape, painting from the living model in costume, and from the nude, architectural drawing and engineering. The whole arrangements are rendered complete by the washing-rooms, refreshment-rooms, cloak-rooms, store-rooms for canvases and easels, all most convenient and ample in size.

When we say that the whole building has been erected in less

than four months, it will be understood that the useful only has been the intention of the design, and the only ornament conferred upon it at present is in the many fine casts in the studios and the celebrated Ghiberti gates which stand at the foot of the staircase.

The winter session commenced this week with about 300 students, and we observed that two scholarships for female students are announced for competition, which have been founded by the sum contributed by the public when the wedding presents to the Princess of Wales were exhibited in the large court of the Museum of Ornamental Art.

MUSIC.

MR. WALLACE'S NEW OPERA "THE DESERT FLOWER."

It was long a cherished grievance among our musicians that there was no arena on which native talent could display itself—no opening through which English composers could make known that latent genius which wanted but opportunity to earn for this country as proud a place in music as she has long since attained in the other arts and in literature. The almost exclusive devotion of our lyric stage to the works of Italian, German, and French composers was held to be the main cause why England had produced no parallels to those great men whose genius has formed, for their respective countries, schools of musical art as distinct and individual as their various nationalities. This professional cry of "want of patronage for native talent" has gradually subsided of late, as indeed it could not well be maintained in the face of the very opposite facts of the eager predisposition of our public to welcome any work from an English composer, and the increased facilities for the effective production of such works which have existed for many years past. Yet, notwithstanding the craving for novelty which prompts managers to produce and audiences to receive anything that promises to supply this want, we still appear to be as far as ever from possessing a school of English opera stamped with national and individual character. Mr. John Barnett, in one or two of his works (especially in his "Fair Rosamond"), seemed to be in a fair way to contribute towards this desideratum, but his withdrawal, for many years, from stage composition precludes any further hope from that quarter. There are but few other names that have occupied any prominence as composers of English opera during the past quarter of a century, and of these, two only can be said to have achieved popularity, Messrs. Balfe and Wallace; and with all the activity of these gentlemen, the Royal English Opera has been compelled to have frequent recourse to foreign compositions, the performance of which is somewhat contradictory of the national title of the establishment, since Italian, German, and French operas, with the text translated into English, do not thereby become English operas. Where, then, are the "mute inglorious" Mozarts, the incipient Webers, and promising young Beethovens, who were silent only from want of opportunity for speech, and whom such an establishment as the Royal English Opera should at once have called from their obscurity, and certainly would but for the one trifling fact of their non-existence? The truth is, that there is no original musical thought among us—our composers are imitative and appropriative, and seem capable of nothing more than a feeble reflection of other nationalities; and, as a necessary consequence, scarcely any of their works survive the passing hour of their production. In a few cases, one or two striking ballads maintain a music-shop and barrel-organ popularity, but the operas from whence they came are as completely shelved, in their entirety, as the myriads of novels which are never heard of after their one short season of seaside reading. The fact is, English music is rather a manufacture than an art. Given a certain facility for producing tunes, good, bad, and indifferent, some knowledge of orchestral effects and the mechanism of constructing a "score," a certain footing at the theatre and with the public, and a commission from a music publisher (the usual inspiration of English musical genius now-a-days), and the result is a grand opera, poured forth with all the haste of improvisation, and none of the self-criticism and revision which the great composers of other countries were in the habit of bestowing on their works. While this is the case, our composers must rest satisfied with the honorarium which is the immediate stimulus to their productions—they cannot expect, in addition, that permanent fame which can only result from much higher motives of action.

These general remarks are fully justified by the absence of all progress in English operatic composition which has marked the past quarter of a century; for the latter half of which, at least, the opportunities for any original thinker to make himself heard have been greater than at any previous period—probably greater in London than in any other capital. The public, however, will have novelties, or pseudo-novelties, and we must judge such works by their own standard, since to measure them by any reference to classic art would be to ignore them altogether.

Mr. Wallace has long been known as a cultivated musician, an excellent pianist, and accomplished violinist; and his early opera, "Maritana," contained some pretty melodies that at once made him a popular composer. Although there is no depth of thought, but little dramatic impulse, and small constructive skill in "Maritana," it contains a flow of melody which, if not very original, is always agreeable. In few of his other works has Mr. Wallace been so successful, and certainly his new opera will not maintain the reputation of the composer of "Maritana." The book of the "Desert Flower," an adaptation from the libretto of "Jaguarita" (an opera by Halévy), retains little evidence of its

French origin in its English version. It is more like an old-fashioned melodrama of an English country theatre than one of those neatly constructed vehicles for music which the French produce even out of the slenderest materials. The love of a young officer for the aboriginal queen during the early settlement of the Dutch at Surinam; plot and counterplot between the natives and the settlers, ending in the triumph of the latter and the union of the two lovers, are set forth with a crude unreality destructive of all illusion or interest—the dialogue which connects the various pieces of music being so vapid and colloquial as to transform what is meant to be heroic into the veriest commonplace. By way of relief to the serious interest there is an intended comic character, an impossible military coward, whose humour consists entirely in the frequent reiteration of the word "really!" It may be urged that there are plenty of precedents for bad opera books, and that the libretto is of subordinate importance to the music. The truth, however, is that the first condition for mere theatrical success is the drama to which the music is allied. A theatrical audience is always a very mixed one, and a large proportion is much more interested in that direct appeal to their external senses which is made by the action of the drama, than by the subtler agency of music which requires more or less special education to appreciate. Hence some very fine compositions are lost to the stage from the badness of their librettos; while, in other cases, very inferior music assumes a borrowed importance from the interest of the accompanying dramatic action. Mr. Wallace has certainly not been fortunate in his subject on the present occasion, and his music is scarcely strong enough to bear up against the weight of the book. At the same time, it is only fair to say that the lyrical portion is far better than the dialogue, which mostly consists of commonplace platitudes ending with some stilted phrase, forming a most palpable "cue for the band;" forcibly calling to mind the Frenchman's satirical remark, that "an opera is a concert for which the drama is merely the pretext."

The "Desert Flower" opens with an overture which commences with some recitative-like passages for the basses in unison, which, for aught we know, may be of Indian origin. They certainly are uncouth enough. The allegro also commences with a unisonous subject, which from its rudeness and monotonous repetition may likewise be supposed of Indian growth. This leads to a charming characteristic motivo, afterwards the subject of a war-dance, which is the most original passage in the whole opera. These are almost the only instances in which anything like local colouring is attempted. Nor is there any dramatic individuality in the music assigned to the different characters. The Dutch officer, the Indian queen, the disguised chief of the tribe, all sing similar strains. It is quite true that some very great composers have disregarded such distinction, but it is certain that the result is the loss of a considerable source of dramatic effect. In accordance with the prescribed formula of English opera, Mr. Wallace has thickly studded his work with ballads and songs, mostly containing smooth, flowing melodies, but few destined for popularity. Among them, however, the Indian Queen's ballad, "Why throbs this heart?" must be particularly noted as a charming piece, which can scarcely fail to be in such request as to make (in the music-shop sense) the success of the entire opera. Very expressive and elegant is the romance, "When wand'ring through the forest drear," admirably sung as it is by Mr. Weiss. It is, however, largely suggestive of the Mermaid song of Weber, a composer whose music seems too frequently in Mr. Wallace's mind. A very characteristic song, "Why did I leave my country?" (sung by the military poltroon), must also be mentioned as among the best things in the opera. Occasionally in his finales and concerted pieces Mr. Wallace produces some effective climaxes, but there is scarcely the continuous power necessary to maintain the musical interest through a lengthened and elaborate movement. It is true that it requires a master to fulfil this condition; but, on the other hand, in a grand three-act opera we have a right to expect something beyond the small detached beauties which might suffice for the success of a one-act operetta. In his instrumentation Mr. Wallace is sometimes brilliant, often noisy. He uses the cornets, à la Meyerbeer, in a manner somewhat too suggestive of the ball-room—an association of ideas which is sometimes incongruous with the situation. In short, although there is occasional merit in Mr. Wallace's work, it cannot be considered as either fulfilling the requirements of a grand opera, or as representative of English music. The performance was, in most respects, satisfactory—Miss Louisa Pyne, as the Indian Queen, sang with much refinement and feeling. Mr. Weiss, as a revengeful Indian Chief, acted and sang impressively. Mr. Henry Corri gave his characteristic song (already referred to) with great point, and made as much as could be made of one of the poorest apologies for a comic part ever seen on any stage. Miss Susan Pyne and Mr. A. Cook were careful representatives of minor parts; while Mr. Harrison, who of course was the lover and the tenor, sang his several ballads with that force of voice and emphasized utterance for which he is celebrated. There is some beautiful scenery; the dresses, dances, and stage groupings are in excellent taste; the band (under Mr. Mellon) is all that could be wished, and the chorus entitled to similar praise; and if care and outlay can ensure success, the "Desert Flower" should certainly achieve it. All the usual signs of such a result attended its first representation—such as encores, and calls for composer and principal singers.

Five performances of Italian operas at Her Majesty's Theatre are announced to commence next Saturday, and the Monday Popular Concerts are to be resumed on the second of November—so that our winter musical season may be considered to have set in.

THOUGH actors, and artistic and more by the drama she has been the stage, the stage,

Although more or less is first due—at the A in the prin lation of 1 rican back original. being a n therefore, played one Majesty's

The imp play and t upon the p of the last our stage f ment and f ment is occ most poeti modern dra is not want

The acti characteris which Eng tame after lent for all character—Her attitu turesque, she is bro plump and spite of th excellently the compar fully draw therefore, Leah is a cl in America ance here a shown any

We will the draggin "Manfred," elapsed sin was produc and now M Mr. Phelps "choral trag a horror of managers; of what the matic form, one person, passages of more unhea it touches t goes beyon The spirit s by a man writing abo in others it

The plan stage has b from the st only been s Telbin is a Falconer ar supernatura ever be dor With an art stage manag ducing the s theatrical ar the curtain, Mr. Charles Shakespeare passed at Dr The muslin rollers, in p patent wash shown in the few score of who sits upo layer's labour for himself; before a tran

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THOUGH London is never unprovided with open theatres, popular actors, and dramatic novelties, it has its theatrical as well as its artistic and literary seasons, and the middle of autumn—measured more by the almanacks than the weather—is the period when the drama shows the strongest symptoms of revival. October always has been famous for first appearances and new productions on the stage, and it still preserves its ancient character and spirit.

Although the dramatic season is yet young, many novelties, of more or less importance, press forward for notice. Our attention is first due to the production of "Leah,"—a German pastoral play—at the Adelphi, with Miss Bateman, a young American actress, in the principal character. The piece is a very bad inflated translation of Mozenthal's "Deborah"—done probably by some American hack writer with little sympathy for the simple beauty of the original. The title in America was altered to "Leah,"—Deborah being a name commonly applied to a negress, and which has, therefore, acquired there a half ludicrous association. It was played once in Italian, last summer, by Madame Ristori, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

The importance of this production lies in the character of the play and the character of the actress. The play, which turns upon the persecution of the Jews in Styria during the early part of the last century, is more simple than any drama placed upon our stage for years. It relies entirely for its success upon sentiment and feeling, and though, in the German fashion, this sentiment is occasionally a little overstrained, it leads up to one of the most poetical and beautiful last acts in the whole range of the modern drama. It is like the finish of a great symphony, and yet is not wanting in powerful pathos.

The acting of Miss Bateman, as Leah, is peculiar. Its marked characteristic is an absence of all tricks of voice and gesture with which English actresses are afflicted. Her tone and manner seem tame after the hysterical school, but they are none the less excellent for all that. She is eminently natural in every phase of the character—even in the terrible curse which ends the fourth act. Her attitudes—evidently well-studied—are all eminently picturesque, but her walk is a little ungainly. In face and person she is broadly handsome—not sweet and pretty. Her face is plump and fair, which is rather against her in tragedy; but in spite of this she gets a firm hold of her audience. The piece is excellently put upon the stage; but she is not well supported by the company. The minor characters—all villagers—are too faithfully drawn from life to be good from a stage point of view, and, therefore, in the bad English fashion, they are slovenly acted. Leah is a character which Miss Bateman has made highly popular in America—but we are not aware—notwithstanding her appearance here as an "infant prodigy," about nine years ago—that she has shown any extraordinary versatility. We hope to speak of her again.

We will next refer to the dramatic event of last Saturday night—the dragging once more of Lord Byron's sublime nightmare, "Manfred," before the theatrical public. Forty-six years have elapsed since this poem was written; twenty-nine years since it was produced at Covent Garden (ten years after the poet's death), and now Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton, aided and abetted by Mr. Phelps, have tried it again, and have given it the title of a "choral tragedy." Lord Byron pretended that he composed it with a horror of the stage, and with a thorough contempt for stage managers; but probably he said this because he had a presentiment of what the stage would do with it. Though written in the dramatic form, it is as undramatic as a poem can be, dealing only with one person, or abstraction, and one emotion. With all its splendid passages of description and its hymns to nature, its moral tone is more unhealthy than the Haymarket or the last French novel. When it touches the earth, it is chiefly to hint darkly at incest; when it goes beyond the earth, it is only into the regions of pantomime. The spirit songs are weak, careless compositions, evidently written by a man who neither saw nor believed in the beings he was writing about. In some parts the versification has a comic rhythm; in others it is slip-slop.

The plan adopted at Drury Lane in placing this poem on the stage has been to realize everything in a coarse material shape, from the student's character to a thunderstorm. The result has only been satisfactory to the lovers of gold-leaf and tinsel. Mr. W. Telbin is a very excellent scene painter, and Messrs. Phelps and Falconer are very clever stage managers; but to do justice to supernatural poems and dramas on the stage, supposing justice can ever be done to them, a great deal more is required than this. With an artist of sublime grotesque genius like *Gustave Doré*, and stage managers of equal fancy, something might be done in producing the supernatural drama that would be a real creation in theatrical art; but as we have not yet got such geniuses behind the curtain, the supernatural drama had better be left in the closet. Mr. Charles Kean did some wretchedly vulgar things in mounting Shakespeare's "Tempest" at the Princess's; but he has been surpassed at Drury Lane in one or two of the scenes in "Manfred." The muslin waterfall is bad enough, struggling over squeaking rollers, in parts suggestive of an outfall sewer, in others of a great patent washing-machine; but the climax of brazen vulgarity is shown in the Hall of Ahrimanes—the hell of the poem—where a few score of gaudy masqueraders worship a winged Punchinello, who sits upon a globe of gingerbread. There was hardly a bricklayer's labourer in the gallery who could not imagine a better hell for himself; or a pantomimist in the pit who had not figured before a transformation scene of more imposing solemnity.

Mr. Phelps—more courageous or rash than either Mr. Macready or Mr. Vandenhoff, who both declined the part in 1834—appeared as Manfred, but attempted nothing beyond a level reading. He was received by the audience with enthusiasm, but the patience of his admirers was sorely tried by two hours of gloomy declamation, unrelieved by plot or character. The chorus and solos were indifferently sung,—the singers doing nothing to improve the common-place music-hall quality of Sir Henry Bishop's music. If the piece succeeds as a managerial speculation, it will be through the beauty of Mr. Telbin's mountain scenery, and the literary curiosity that is felt about such a curious revival. When the poem was produced before, the burlesque wolves were soon on its track, and their hunger for a new subject is even keener now. We should not be surprised to see a pantomime figuring in the playbills next Christmas with some such title as "Harlequin Manfred; or, the Fatal Indigestion."

"Miriam's Crime" is a serio-comic drama in three acts, by Mr. Craven, now being performed at the Strand Theatre. "Miriam's Crime," or rather crimes, consist of burning one will and stealing another; the justification lying in the motives and result of her actions. Some theatrical moralists have felt shocked because she picks a lock to get at the second will; but the crime, we take it, lies in the robbery, not in the way the robbery is committed. The serious part of the piece is not the most successful—with the exception of one powerful, well-written scene, in which Miriam has to avow her love (then unknown to him) for a spendthrift male friend, to explain her conduct in turning the first will to a suspicious lawyer. A little sentiment at the Strand Theatre—like a little serious writing or versification sometimes in the pages of *Punch*, goes a long way—but it takes a good deal of extravagant comicality to satisfy the patrons of this house, who are principally composed of idiotic young "swells" and city shopmen. The comic portions of "Miriam's Crime" are chiefly entrusted to Mr. Belford and Mr. George Honey—the first playing a returned convict with an admirable sense of character; the latter acting in a wild, reckless style of eccentric low comedy which is as amusing as it is impudent. Miss Kate Saville is engaged for the part of Miriam, and she plays it well, but artificially. She wants real pathos, and this no study nor "coaching" can give an actress.

The last theatrical composition we shall notice is Mr. Burnand's "Ixion," a burlesque which has been performing for some weeks past at the New Royalty Theatre. Mr. Burnand is the most recent candidate for popularity in this line. He has more respect for the English language, more knowledge of what a true pun is and ought to be, than any of the rest who are still writing for the stage, with the exception of Mr. William Brough. At present, too, he shows more humour and freshness than they do. He may want that experience of the stage and that tact in telling a story in a travestied form which are the chief merits of Mr. Byron's burlesques; but, on the other hand, he never indulges in those feeble word-echoes—we scorn to call them puns—which are Mr. Byron's substitute for wit. Mr. Burnand's parodies are usually happy, and he selects his music with great judgment. The burlesque of "Ixion; or, the Man at the Wheel," as its title implies, is what is properly called a "classical extravaganza." As the whole range of mythological fables and fairy tales and half the domestic dramas of the stage have been ransacked for subjects by burlesque writers, we are not surprised that the story of "Ixion" has been parodied before. Mr. John Brougham wrote an extravaganza, in which he used the same fable, about twenty years ago. That was produced at the Lyceum, then called "The English Opera House."

The fault of Mr. Burnand's new burlesque is that it is too crowded with unimportant characters, but this gives an opportunity for displaying a numerous—if not powerful company. The part of Ixion has been given to a Miss Jenny Wilmore—one of the most promising saucy singing and dancing actresses we have had to welcome from the provinces for some years. She comes from Hull, we believe, and is very young—but is evidently full of spirit and determination. Her husband—Mr. Felix Rogers—a dry low comedian, reminding us of Mr. George Honey—is also a member of the company, and plays Minerva with much propriety and humour. Mr. James and Mr. Joseph Robins are prominent and effective in the burlesque, and are surrounded by a host of young ladies, who are pretty if not clever. The ballet, under the direction of Miss Rosina Wright, is well arranged, and the house is luxuriously fitted up with the trappings left by the last tenant, Miss Albina Di Rhona. Mrs. Selby, the manageress, may be congratulated so far on her taste and success, and if she be not induced to drag too many pupils prematurely on to the stage, she may yet make a "property" of the Soho Theatre.

THE Crystal Palace School of Art has commenced its fourth session. Its object is to afford, by means of private classes, the most complete and comprehensive education for ladies. The classes are conducted on collegiate principles; each branch of study being supervised by eminent professors. During the past session upwards of 150 ladies enrolled their names as pupils, who have, amongst other privileges, an elegant suite of class-rooms, studio, and other requisites; with the use of a comprehensive library, and free admission to the palace on lecture-days.

THE site of the West London Union Workhouse being required for making one of the approaches to the New Meat Market, Smithfield, five acres of land at Holloway have been purchased as the site of a new workhouse. Thirty-three designs have been submitted, varying in estimate from £15,000 to £44,000.

SCIENCE.

THE SANITARY STATE OF OUR WATERING-PLACES—
EASTBOURNE.

BRIGHT are the days of summer, and in the glorious radiance of its sunshine all hearts rejoice. The troubles of life fly before its golden beams as the snows of winter have evaporated from the flower-clad fields, and the happiest alike with the saddest of hearts yearn for enjoyment and repose. The mother's love glows, as with fondling hand she parts the flowing hair, "thick with many a curl," that clusters round her fairy daughter's head; the pride of the father swells as he glances at the young scions of his house, while through his mind passes the thought,—

"His face is fair to see,
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me."

To the seaside the highest in our land bring their cherished ones to gambol and to play. Children of gentle nurture and of noble birth patter shoeless amidst the ripples of the sea, and dig mimic harbours with their wooden spades, and at eventide, on the green sward of fragrant gardens, fraternize to exchange kisses and flowers. For pleasure, happiness, recreation, health, those sea-shore sands and verdant fields are sought, and with tenderest care the healthiest of healthy places is chosen. Six weeks ago such children's merry laughter rang from end to end of a pretty, new-born seaside town; and radiant as are the fields with summer-flowers were its walks and drives with happy beaming faces—every house a mansion, every street wide, dry, and clean. The sea-breezes kissed the cheek straight from the very lips of the sea, and tall trees rustled in the midst of the white houses, and sunk their roots deep and far through the porous sandy soil. Everything new and unpolluted, everything to every human sense pure, fresh, and wholesome, and the reflected sunbeams met the eye transformed into beams of delight. To-day that shore is deserted, and the ring of merry voices is no longer heard. Two thousand strangers who came to make there a fleeting paradise have left in fear or in distress. Sad as is the stroke of pestilence in crowded towns, worse infinitely is it at the holiday watering-place, solely sought for pleasure. At home the unseen breath of pestilence enters our chambers, and the destroyer, perhaps, quickly follows. We are chastened in heart and spirit, but soon the loss becomes to be one of the common trials of life; but for the cherished one, cut off in the midst of enjoyment—enjoyment sought for with tenderest solicitude—the memory lingers long and keen, and many a brother and sister, like Wordsworth's little maid, though "two are dead," will yet persist that "we are seven" still. Great indeed is the calamity that has fallen on this new town by the sea, and if it had originated there through any defect that human foresight could have removed, Eastbourne would have to read the bitterest words our pen could write. One hundred and fifty-five cases of scarlet fever in six weeks, is the full total of all that have occurred—thirteen being fatal. The earliest instance known to us was on the 2nd of September, and this appears, as far as we can ascertain, to have been imported. On the 4th of September the next case occurs, that of the "Unfortunate Father," whose letters are familiar through the columns of the *Times*. It is very significant of the active and inquiring spirit of the age to see a simple paragraph in our powerful contemporary so fertile of result; for not only has public curiosity been excited by those few lines, but the medical profession and the inhabitants generally of Eastbourne, through the medium of Mr. Jeffery, sought immediate attention in defence of their town, with keen sensitiveness of its hitherto unsullied reputation. The virus of the epidemic lay seemingly dormant until the 13th and the 14th, when the cases broke out with extreme rapidity. Of forty-eight cases attended by one physician, seventeen occurred on the 13th, and of thirty-seven attended by another gentleman, twenty cases on the 14th; similar is the experience of other medical practitioners. There was thus no indication of the silent danger; no apparent evil to be averted or shunned. The epidemic, too, made its appearance in the highest circles,—in the best and largest houses, of a class and style where its first presence would be least of all expected. Breaking out in no isolated area, in the vicinity of no palpable nuisance, but instantaneously, at various points,—in Cavendish Place, the Grand Parade, Sea-long, Richmond, and Victoria Places,—all fine, new, well-fitted houses, in many cases detached, and in all unusually open to the purifying influences of the winds both from the unobstructed downs behind, and the sea in front. Still more remarkable is it that although the number of cases is so large, the number of infected houses is very small. In Cavendish Place there are more than thirty houses, and yet the epidemic has been confined to five. None of the cases there proved fatal; yet on the Grand Parade, where the residences are even larger, and face the sea so close that a boy could throw a stone across the shore at low-water, one death has happened. Of the Marine Parade, now so unfortunately famous, less can be said than of any other portion of the town. Eighteen years ago, when we took a geological ramble along the coast from Brighton to Folkestone, a little irregular row of rickety houses stood upon the shore, just before the approach to the then village of Eastbourne, in danger every day of being swept off by the sea, and known at that time as the "Sea-houses." These old hovels, heightened or

patched, have been twisted into lodging-houses and are not at all approaching the ideas most people would entertain of residences on the Marine Parade of a fashionable watering-place. The now memorable No. 11½ is one of the smallest and closest of these renovated hovels; and sunk a foot or two below the footway peers with its low green painted balustraded gallery between its higher, but not tall, bow-windowed neighbours. Cesspools are here in use, and a slight odour is perceptible on the shore, whether from seaweed or leakage we do not pretend to decide, but this is the only spot in the whole town that calls for the slightest comment. Nevertheless, there is nothing even here which any one would suspect of being bad enough to generate disease; moreover, though typhus fever may be assigned to impure air, and typhoid to bad drainage, scarlet fever has never yet been traced to any generating cause. There is nothing then in these facts—for facts they are—that will incline anyone to attribute the origin of this sad sickness to any unhealthy conditions of Eastbourne. Neither would it be just to attribute its outbreak there to any one individual. There are within our own knowledge as many as eleven instances that bear every stamp of importation; and it should be known that scarlatina and scarlet-fever have been, during and since August, unusually prevalent over at least a very large portion of England, not only in littoral situations, but inland; as also unusually severe: while, as far as the not yet perfect series of details we have been able to collect will go to show, we may assume that the outbreak inland was in advance of the seaside districts. That scarlet-fever is importable is evident; and a fatal case has, during the past week, occurred in Marylebone after a residence at Eastbourne.

That it may not be thought we have the slightest favour or affection towards any place whatever, or the remotest wish to do otherwise than to state the strictest truth, we give the comparative sanitary states of several districts on our south-eastern coast from the Registrar-General's report for the ten years from 1851 to 1860, since which period the sanitary condition of Eastbourne has in no way deteriorated, while improved measures have been advanced:—

	Mortality per 1,000.
Sub-district of Eastbourne.....	17
District of Isle of Wight.....	17
" Worthing	18
" Hastings	18
" Elham (including Folkestone)	18
" Dover.....	20
" Brighton	22
Average of all England	22

In towns the rate of mortality is always higher than in open country districts, and in these comparisons, therefore, it is right to notice that it is the *sub-district* of Eastbourne—that is, the town itself without any compensating country area—which is quoted against the other districts in their totality. It is also right to add, that even during September, while the scarlet-fever was there at its utmost virulence, the mortality of Eastbourne had not exceeded the average percentage of all England; the deaths at Eastbourne, for the quarters ending the last days of March, June, and September, respectively being 38, 47, 40, in a population, including visitors, of 12,000. During August and September the deaths in various places in Bedfordshire, Middlesex, Northampton, Suffolk, Essex, and other counties have exceeded in number and percentage the deaths at Eastbourne, and so far from its being right that any stigma should attach itself to that town, as far as the evidence before us would convince, we would urge Eastbourne still as one of the best of sanatoria for suffering patients. No watering-place, however, would desire to be made a hospital for scarlet-fever patients, for no disease—perhaps not even the plague—is more subtle or more insidious; and the cases of contagious infection recorded by physicians seem to border on the fabulous, rather than to be the sober statements of able men. As an instance, an old bit of flannel, cast aside for months and casually put round the neck by a servant, is seriously recorded as the cause of a new outbreak; but without dwelling on this point, certain it is that too much care cannot be taken in purifying the linen and clothes of patients, and the apartments they have occupied. Strong comments have been justly made on visitors being put into rooms previously occupied by the sick with contagious diseases—we use the word in its broad sense, whether the propagation be by contact or by dissemination in the air; for all, in short, that are "catching." No one will defend such proceedings; and every one, we think, will concur that a strong punishment should be inflicted. But lodging-house keepers, generally poor and needy, with furniture not unfrequently got on credit from upholsterers, with high rents to pay, too often have only the receipts of the summer-season between a Christmas bankruptcy. This, at least, may be said in extenuation of their conduct; but what can be said of visitors who, fresh from scenes of sickness, conceal from the poor lodging-house keeper the knowledge of impending illness; and after injury depart without offering to alleviate her ruin? While we would urge the most rigid inspection of apartments in all watering-places where contagious illnesses have occurred by the proper authorities of every local board, and that in all such cases notices of the best means of purification should be served on the householders, and seen to be strictly carried out, we should also wish that culpable visitors bringing evil into a town dependent for prosperity on its sanitary state should not be permitted to depart free from all odium for the misery and damage their selfishness had committed.

To another point, less if ever thought of, our reflections might at this season profitably turn. When a poor milliner dies in a close room we raise a cry of the danger of overcrowding. Too commonly, however, it is deemed only fun to cram thirty persons into a sea-side villa; and many would be found to laugh at the idea of three in a bed. But during the past season cellars were let at Ramsgate and Margate, without even the privilege of dressing before disturbance in the morning. It would be objectionable to mention names, and facts are all we wish to deal with; but in Eastbourne we know of cases—not amongst the lower ranks—of twenty-six and thirty persons in not over-large houses, and in which the footmen and servants of families were sleeping in the kitchens—the ordinary dormitories, it is true, of lodging-house keepers. Nature will do a great deal with her fresh sea-breezes; but nature is not invincible, and will break down, like everything else, under too great pressure. We may no more break the laws of health by the seaside than elsewhere with impunity.

A few words may be said about infection. How is it, many will ask, that my children will "catch" scarlet-fever, while our medical attendant passes from house to house unscathed? What Hippocrates believed, Liebig still teaches. Just as the yeast fungus sets up in saccharine matter the fermentation when gluten is present, so when the virus of any exanthematous disease is imparted to the blood it sets up those changes in it which increase and terminate in disease. The fermentation, so to call it, once begun, the virus increases in volume and circulates from extremity to extremity with the blood, until its exit is finally accomplished in cutaneous eruptions,—just, to continue the simile, as gallons of yeast will be generated from the few grains imparted to the wort. Moreover, such diseases usually occur but once to the same individual, and there must therefore be at some periods of our lives a greater tendency than at others in our systems to imbibe these diseases. This is singularly shown at Eastbourne by what is a positive, even though it may be deemed an unaccountable, fact, that the inhabitants have passed all but harmless through the late severe pestilence. Seven cases have, so far as we know, been all that have occurred, and these happening amongst laundresses, charwomen, and their families, appear to be traceable to clothes brought from, or work done in infected houses. Doctors usually visit patients having contagious diseases in the afternoon, after they have seen their ordinary patients; and one will commonly notice that, after touching and examining persons so afflicted, they ask for water and perform ablution of their hands before departure; after such visits, too, they commonly change their clothes. Good condition of health is notoriously the best preventive against infection, and assuredly we ought not to expect unhealthy doctors. Thus, by good personal health and due precaution, they and their families escape from contaminations to which others, under less favourable conditions, would speedily fall victims. A doctor knows that the fine scales that peel away from a scarlet-fever patient coming into contact with any portion of living mucous membrane would communicate the disease, and he carefully avoids any accidental inhaling of such particles. But any innocent child newly recovered from scarlet-fever might inoculate its companion with a kiss, or a thoughtless nursemaid convey the virus to her charge in a veil. It would not be absurd to assign to the more robust condition of the inhabitants of Eastbourne, due to the superior healthiness of their district as the cause of their exemption from the evils that have fallen upon their less favoured and more delicate visitors.

The drainage of the town is good; a main sewer commences near the Sussex Hotel, at the top of the Old Seaside Road, and continues down the natural valley to the shore; and into this main the streets all drain. Indeed, the lands now built over belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, the drains and roadways were made before the erection of the houses—a praiseworthy example, which we regret is not being followed in some fine residences just commenced on the estate of another large landowner. The main sewer, varying from 18 inches to 2 feet, is still sufficient for all requirements; but the rapidly increasing dimensions of the town have caused the Local Board to take measures for increasing its size, and for carrying the present outfall on the shore. It further eastward for more than twelve hundred yards, and, if permitted, to discharge its contents through the outlet for the dykes of the Crown marsh-land. The levels have been taken, and the Duke of Devonshire has contributed £1,000 for this desirable measure.

It is useless to find fault without suggesting a remedy. It is very easy to demand of lodging-house keepers to thoroughly purify their infected bedding and apartments, but the probability is the wash-tub and the whitewash pail, at most, will be their only resources. All personal linen in scarlet-fever cases should be utterly destroyed—burnt; all bedding and linen thoroughly baked under proper conditions, and in special ovens; and it would be most desirable that apartments should be fumigated with sulphur or with nitrous acid, the object being that the free acid generated like fine vapour in the atmosphere should consume and destroy any particles of scarf-skin or effluvia which might remain floating in the air or adhering to the paper of the walls. When scarlet fever breaks out, every possible means should be adopted to prevent its spread. Inconsiderate people should not send children to school too soon after attacks, nor take them away from school with equally culpable timidity into their families. Such timidity has produced its evils elsewhere than at Eastbourne; and the finest sea-breezes are no preventives of the effects of such folly.

We desire to injure no town, but some facts may be deemed

necessary to substantiate the rightness of our defence of Eastbourne. The following facts and statistics, derived from the most reliable sources, will, we deem, be sufficient evidence of this. In Marylebone, not by any means an unhealthy Metropolitan parish, the total mortality was, for September, 260, as against the average of 270 for the corresponding month during the eight previous years. Scarletina and scarlet-fever were unusually prevalent. For the five weeks of July the deaths from those diseases were 22; in the four weeks of August, 23; in the four weeks of September, 30. In the five weeks of July the total of cases at eleven institutions in the parish were 57; in the four weeks of August, 73; in the four weeks of September, 115. Going beyond the London district, during September, out of 26 deaths at Uxbridge, more than half were from scarlet-fever. At Woburn, in Bedfordshire, we hear that scarlet-fever is raging; at Sudbury 28 deaths have occurred; at Chelmsford 18 deaths out of 37 were due to the same cause. These examples are sufficient to show the general prevalence of eruptive febrile diseases, and to exonerate Eastbourne from any damaging imputations.

The water of Eastbourne is pumped from a well sunk into the upper and lower greensand,—strata famed for the general purity of their water-supplies; the pressure is maintained night and day, and the consumption is more than 20 gallons per head.

The publicity given by the daily press to the occurrence of contagious diseases in fashionable towns has this beneficial effect,—it deters the visits of strangers for a time, through the prudential motive of not running into danger; such temporary warnings ought by no means, however, to be adopted by the public as permanent stigmas upon the localities. The watering-place where such a calamity arises will suffer severely in respect to anticipated income, but pecuniary losses are incomparable with loss of health and loss of relatives. The best possible thing for Eastbourne now would be a Government inspection; and this it might, we consistently believe, demand without the slightest fear of evil revelations, and with the not unfounded hope of a beneficial verdict.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

ONE would scarcely suppose in these degenerate days that our forefathers possessed the opportunity of making more money, and probably through more steady and legitimate means, than we of the nineteenth century. Yet so it would seem, and those who take the trouble to consult the chronicles of old will find, if they have a mind to carry out the investigation, that we are perfectly correct in making this assertion. It is true that jobbing contractors were in existence then, that prices advanced and receded, that the public were ever alive to looking after themselves, and that where there was presumed to be a royal road to wealth, the route thereto was not neglected. But while this was the case, and every means was then sought as now to move forward in the pursuit of riches, much less competition existed in the struggle, and the sources for the employment of capital were certainly not so hazardous. It is not essential, in elucidating the theory we have had the temerity to start, to go back as far as the period of the good old "Domesday Book," or Stow's "History of London;" we shall be quite content to descend to a much less ancient, though, at the same time, an equally potential authority, viz., that plain-sailing, and some persons think, dull publication, the authorized lists of the Stock Exchange; and we think we shall be able to show that within the last fifty years the medium for investments has so increased that while they exhibit a much wider field for operating and dealing, the returns are of a decidedly more illusory character. Putting out of the question, as we shall in the consideration of this topic, the extravagance of the age, the questionable means resorted to in every circle to augment resources, and the distress that, in nine cases out of ten, results from the want of success in attaining this desired end, a simple appeal to what may almost be described as dry statistical fact will prove the truth of these observations. Of course, in forming such a contrast, allowance must be made for exceptional cases—instances in which fortunes have been secured by what are popularly known as lucky hits,—and for those where special transactions and special knowledge have led to the realization of objects in connection with popular inventions, with the development of which the art of money-making is so closely allied. At the same time it must be remembered that in arriving at the conclusion deduced, the views must be treated as comparative, and in the ratio of the progress of population and wealth, the latter principally produced by the success of commerce, and not from those engagements which seem to be understood and appreciated as investments.

If we turn to the pages of the lists published so far back as the date we have mentioned, it will be discovered that the securities existing for negotiation were the English funds, the Annuities, a few foreign stocks, gas, bridge, and dock shares, Bank and India stock, and a small array of miscellaneous companies hardly worth special enumeration. But if these classes were limited, and the

greater portion of money was placed in them, the rises and falls were not of that spasmodic character which is now experienced, and there was not that extent of gambling which unfortunately appears to increase with our growth both in capital and resources. There was, with the steady improvement which occurred immediately after the peace, an augmentation in prices which sensibly enriched those who had purchased at low values, and though intermediately had taken place the great Cochrane conspiracy, the mischievous results of that affair were speedily frustrated by the exposure and punishment of the principal delinquents, and speculation was not generally of a rife or rampant character. To use a trite but well-recognized expression, it was then more the age of "money grubbing," and if our tastes were not so delicate or refined, they did not require to be stimulated with the excitement now apparently necessary to support position, even should it terminate in bankruptcy, or temporary expatriation to Boulogne. Between 1815 and 1825 it passed the limits of steady investors, and gave rise gradually to a body of speculators with the increased facilities afforded by the joint-stock banks and the foreign loans so rapidly and extensively introduced; and from that date forward we have never returned to the old condition, despite the penalty paid about every ten years for the national madness which first produces a mania and subsequently a panic. From 1825 to 1835 intervened the epoch which saw almost the last of the bubble mining companies and the Spanish American loans, and which changed the shifting scene of operations to the United States; and, notwithstanding that this fresh phase in the great game of speculation terminated in 1837, the lessons of the past were evidently altogether forgotten, and the forfeit incurred was even heavier than that which had liquidated the claims of 1826. But as the country grew, and the population spread, the list of investments also increased; and if they were not so profitable as the experience of the previous generation could testify, they presented an infinitely greater variety of almost every conceivable character. As the length of the list increased, the losses seemed periodically to become greater; and though the argument, in some respects, holds good that the money merely changes hands, still the filtration of it through the various channels caused enormous distress and sacrifice. In the next decade, bringing us down to 1845, sprung up the railway mania, which strengthened in the course of three years, when, from progressive improvement in the system, it became developed into "the rushing madness of a nation," and that again entailed its misery and loss in the years of sorrow, 1847 and 1848. This period, more than any other, swelled out the catalogue of securities; and from a small slip of paper, as originally issued, the daily railway list has now become one of such magnitude that it is something really imposing to investigate.

We have since had our little Californian and Australian gold mining speculation, and we are now passing through our new banking and miscellaneous mania,—the latter being sure to produce its fruit in good time. But for the purposes of the present occasion, it will only be requisite to cast an eye over this diurnal publication to observe the contrast which we have already referred to. It is particularly instructive as showing the maze of securities that exist, the bewildering aspect they present to the steady and legitimate investor—for that race has not quite died out, though it is in a fair way of being extinguished—and the difficulty of being satisfied with what you are supposed to have purchased. We exclude from consideration in this notice the English list, including English and Indian securities, recently increased by the detail of the rupee paper and the 5 and 4 per cent. debts; and the foreign list, which contains every debt from the colonies of Central America to those of Morocco. We strictly confine ourselves to English railways, foreign railways, American securities and railways, British and foreign mines, banks and miscellaneous. Here is a category for capitalists and speculators to gloat over. The vision is puzzled by the mass of names and the description of the property. It is almost a positive relief to cast aside the paper. Please, kind reader, take it in hand and look at it. Between eighty and ninety ordinary railway shares and stocks, about one hundred and fifty different classes of preference shares, fifty lines leased at fixed rentals, twelve or fourteen debenture stocks, nearly as many lines in the British possessions, twenty-four Indian railway debentures, forty foreign lines, with obligations, and plenty of colonial government securities. The American securities present a good list, and the British mines and foreign mines are also numerous. The banks average between sixty and seventy, a great number altogether new, and the miscellaneous undertakings slightly more. No wonder, then, that there is ample space for gambling or speculation, or whatever you please to call it, and that we are

approaching our neighbours the Parisians in a love for the Bourse, with the certainty of one day again paying most severely for the amusement. The round will not be stopped till we get permanently high rates of interest and discount, but we think they are near at hand.

THE Bank directors on Thursday did not raise the rate of discount. The payment of the dividends has arrested the inquiry, but the rate is not expected to descend below 4 per cent. Eventually we shall see an advance. The impression is that credit in mercantile circles will not be so well sustained as we progress towards the end of the year.

THE Bank return is unfavourable, and the stock of bullion has gone down to £14,600,000. The reserve of notes has decreased to £6,400,000. On the other hand, £189,000 has been purchased, while £146,000 has been withdrawn for export. It is said that further operations are taking place in gold for transmission to France; at least, it is suspected from the nature of the bill transactions going forward.

THE lowest rate of discount out of doors is 4 per cent. for first-class bills. The Joint Stock Banks will not make advances under 3½ per cent. At the banks and the discount offices there is a full supply of capital, the deposits from the country having increased the last few days.

CONSOLS for money must be quoted 93 to ¼, and for the Account 93½ to ¼. There is no movement in other English securities, though the market is on the average steady.

MEXICANS have recovered on several fresh transactions, and went to 43½ to ¼, but on Thursday they closed at 43 to ¼. There has been a great fall in Greek Stock, which has dropped to 31½, the latest quotations standing 31½ to 32½. Other Foreign Securities have been dull, and the account is passing over better than anticipated.

RAILWAY Shares remain quiet. Banking Shares have not been buoyant. There has been a great rage for Discount Corporation Shares, which, starting in the business of Messrs. Bruce & Co., have gone to 77½ to 87, though little appears to warrant it. It is asserted another large private firm will be absorbed, while branches are mentioned as to be started at Manchester and Liverpool.

THE £150,000 Cape of Good Hope Government 6 per cent. Debentures, due 1891, have been taken at from £108. 3s. 0d. to 114. The minimum price was 108.

New schemes are rumoured; Banks, Discount and Insurance Companies. Surely the public will some day tire of all this extraordinary infatuation.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Almanac de Gotha, 1864. 32mo., 5s. 6d.
 Bidlake's (J. P.) New English Grammar. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Brierley's (B.) Chronicles of Waverlow. Fcap. 2s. 6d.
 Campbell's (E. A.) Life Triumphant. A Poem. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Cassell's Bible Dictionary. Division I. 4to., 3s.
 Cherry and Violet. By Author of "Mary Powell." 4th edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Cross (The) of Honour. By Annie Thomas. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Dalton's (H.) Book of Drawing-room Plays. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Denton's (W. and E.) Nature's Secrets; or, Psychometric Researches. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Diary of a London Physician. Fcap., 2s.
 Doyle's (J. E.) Chronicle of England. 61 Illustrations in Colours. 4to., £2. 2s.
 Ebrard's (J. H. A.) Gospel History. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine. New series. Vol. 7. 8vo., 5s.
 Family Prayer Book. Edited by Rev. E. Garbett and Rev. S. Martin. 4to., 7s. 6d.
 Foster's (J. S.) Psalms and Hymns, adapted to the Services of the Church of England. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 From the World to the Pulpit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Glasgow Infant School Magazine. New edit. 2 vols. 18mo., 3s. each.
 Grier's (Rev. W. J.) Sermons. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Hall's (Right Rev. Joseph) Works. By Dr. P. Wynter. New edit. 10 vols. 8vo., £5. 5s.
 Harris's (C. A.) Dental Surgery. 8th edit. 8vo., 24s.
 Heiress (The) and her Lovers. By Lady Chatterton. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Hester and Helinor. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Hooker's (R.) Works. Edited by Keble. New edit. 3 vols. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Howe's (John) Life. By H. Rogers. 8vo., 6s.
 Jerrold's (B.) Signals of Distress in Refugees, &c. Fcap., 7s. 6d.
 Johnston's (J. F. W.) Elements of Agricultural Chemistry. 8th edit. Fcap., 6s. 6d.
 Legge's (Rev. W.) Reading Book of British History. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Leighton's (Archbishop) Works, Selections from. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Lepage's (M.) New French Reader. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Lloyd's Greek Testament. New edit. 18mo., 3s.
 Lottie Lonsdale. By E. J. Worboise. Fcap., 5s.
 Macaulay's (Lord) Biographies. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Macmillan's Magazine. Vol. 8. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 McNicoll's (D. H.) Dictionary of Natural History Terms. Cr. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Mary and Frank. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Mary Morton and her Sister. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 May Churnleigh and her Friend Conscience. 18mo., 1s.
 Moberly's (Dr. C. E.) Latin Elegiacs. Part 2. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Morison's (T.) Manual of School Management. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Morris's (J. W.) and Fleming's (W.) Student's Chart of English History. 4to., 3s.
 Murphy's (J. G.) Commentary on Genesis. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Musical Herald (The). Vol. 1. 4to., 3s. 6d.
 National Magazine (The). Vol. 14. Royal 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Nell's (S.) Culture and Self Culture. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 Nott's (E.) Lectures on Biblical Temperance. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Ordinances and Statutes. By the Oxford University Commissioners. 8vo., 12s.
 Paterson's (J.) Breadalbane Succession Case. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 Power's (Rev. P. B.) The "I wills" of the Psalms. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Quiver (The). Vol. 4. Royal 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Rachel Ray. By A. Trollope. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Reed's Ship-owners' and Ship-masters' Handy Book. Fcap., 1s.
 Russia and Poland. 7 Letters. 8vo., 1s.
 Shakespeare's Familiar, Proverbial, and Select Sayings. By J. B. Marsh. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Shilling Books for Leisure Hours. Cedar Creek. Imp. 16mo., 1s.
 Sinnett's (Sophia) Lessons about God for very Young Children. 18mo., 1s.
 Smith's (J. W.) Law of Master and Servant. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Stephan Longton. By M. F. Tupper. Fcap., 2s.
 Vaughan's (Dr. C. J.) Words from the Gospels. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 Velasquez's (M.) Spanish and English Dictionary. Imp. 8vo., 21s.
 Victoria Magazine (The). Vol. 1. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Wanderings in West Africa. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Wilson's (Rev. T.) Instructions in the Lord's Supper. New edit. 18mo., 1s.
 Young England Moths—Geometrae. Royal 8vo., 1s. 6d.